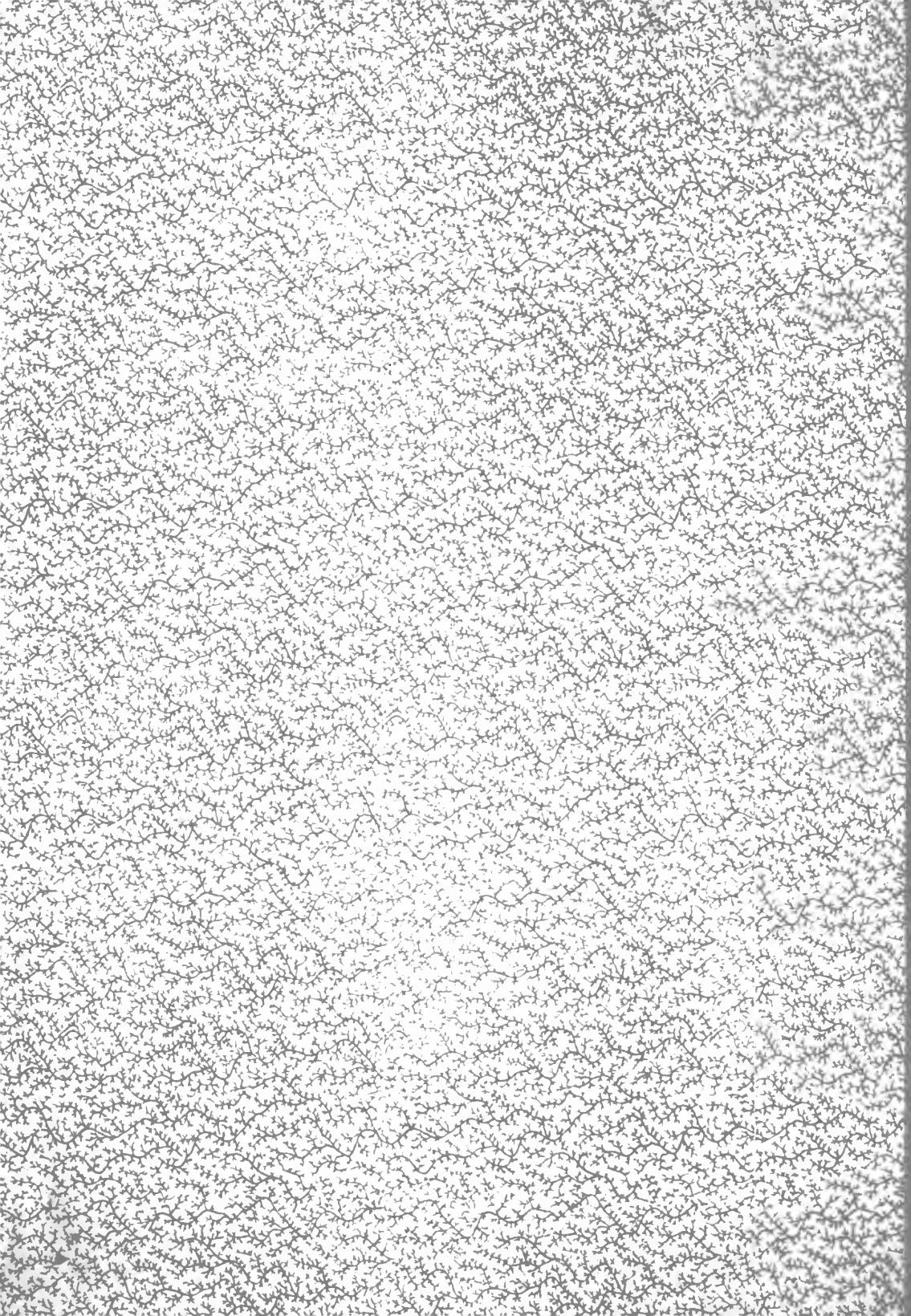
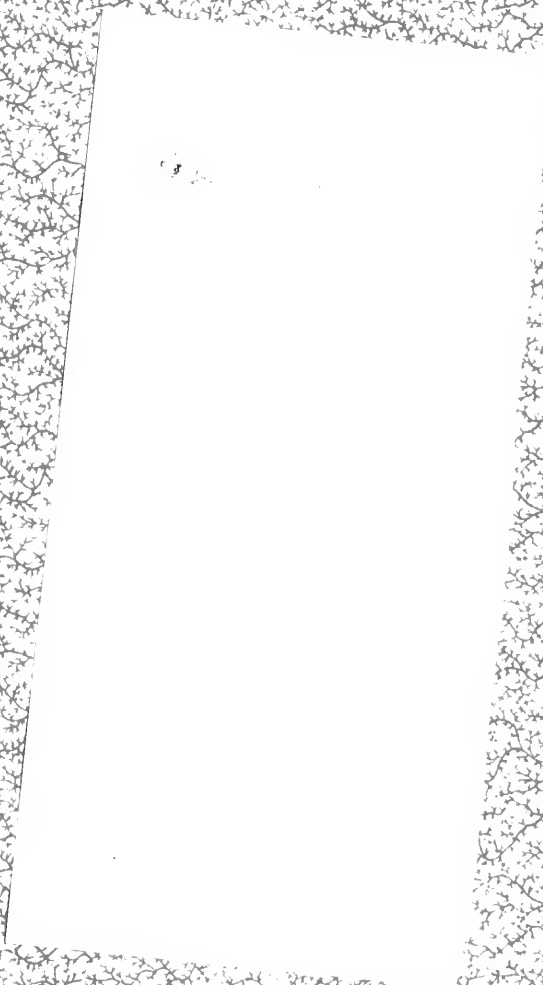


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"ALONGSIDE"

BEING NOTES SUGGESTED

BY

"A NEW ENGLAND BOYHOOD"

OF

DOCTOR EDWARD EVERETT HALE

"When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought."

Shakespeare, Sonnet xxx.

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PREFACE.

"I have written frankly, garrulously, and at ease; speaking of what it gives me joy to remember, at any length I like — sometimes very carefully — of what I think it may be useful for others to know; and passing in total silence, things which I have no pleasure in reviewing, and which the reader would find no help in the account of."

To these words, with which Ruskin introduces the first chapter of "Præterita," it seems to me that there is no need that I should add anything.

If there are any living who remember with what opening my life began, who have witnessed a sincere effort to make it, in spite of fate, of some use to the world, those persons will know why I have selected this passage.

CAROLINE H. DALL.

Washington,
December, 1898.

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“ALONGSIDE”

BEING “NOTES” SUGGESTED BY

“A NEW ENGLAND BOYHOOD,” BY E. E. HALE, D.D.

A REVIEW AND A STORY.

“It is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples.”

As You Like It.

IT is impossible for one of Mr. Hale's generation to read the charming transcript of his early experiences without being led afresh through bygone days. Many of the topics which he touches lie parallel with my own memories, and I feel as if some of the Boston women of today would like to know what the girls of that time were about.

Mr. Hale's story opens with the interesting question of the development of human memory—How early can a child remember? The true answer to this question would be, “From the very moment of its birth the child begins to remember whatever is of use to it, in that stage of its being.” If it were not so, it could not develop at all. How soon impressions can be made which will last through life, and can be consciously recalled at any moment, is quite a different affair.

This will depend on the intellectual nature inherited and the circumstances under which impressions are received. Mr. Hale has often called mine an *iron* memory, but whatever metal it is made of, it holds only the impressions that pain, profound emotion or intense interest have stamped upon it.

In referring to the execution of Andrè, Hugh Wynne says :

“ I sometimes think it strange, how even in particulars the natural and other scenery of this dark drama remains distinct in my memory, unaffected by the obliterating influence of the years, which have effaced so much else I had been more glad to remember.”

Here Weir Mitchell distinctly recognizes the permanence of the impressions deepened by pain, and doubtless these words had been spoken in his hearing by some one who remembered what George Washington suffered on that day.

I could not have been more than fourteen months old when I was very ill. My nurse left me, for a moment, on the bed in what was the front spare room of the house in which I was born, and at that instant I was attacked by very terrible pain. I was also frightened by my loneliness, and that experience printed upon my mind the walls of the room, its doors and mantle, and the pattern of the carpet. On the day on which I was fifty years old, I was anxious to see if I did actually remember these things, and I asked per-

mission to examine the room. The wall paper and the carpet had gone, of course, but in every other respect the picture corresponded to that in my mind.

When my father was married, he went to live in a house built by Mr. John Lodge for his own use, in Boston, at No. 6 Green Street. When he left it, that Mr. Lodge might return to it, I was only three and a half years old, so that all I distinctly remember of it is what I saw or heard before that time. My first distinct impression is of an earthquake. I was tied into a high chair, by my grandfather's side. Suddenly, the room seemed to float; the Empire clock upon the mantle rang against its glass shade; two or three flower-pots fell from a green stand by the window, and through it all I saw my mother coming from the parlor closet, with a glass of jelly in her hand. I do not know how old I was, but the picture in my mind is so distinct that I feel no hesitation in describing it.

The house was large; it had a long yard running back to a stable. It was one of a pair of brick houses, still standing. Two washrooms were built out behind the houses, the roofs of which were protected by a composition of tar and gravel, and divided by a narrow parapet about eight inches high.

I suppose I must have been about three years old — my mother still keeping her chamber — when I was sent to a dame school in Hancock Street, kept by a Miss Wentworth, who afterward became Mrs. Charles Hunt.

Jane Otis — one of the lovely family living at 34 Chambers Street, whose story those who desire may find in the Library of the Boston Athenæum — was then going to school on Mt. Vernon Street, and used to call for me every morning and bring me home every noon, when my nurse met me, dressed me afresh, and stood me up on a chair to watch for my father's return to dinner. At this school, the tiny pupils, if they behaved well, were allowed to carry home pink or blue bows on their white sleeves, according to their sex; while a black ribbon told the less happy story.

I remember nothing of this school except my dear teacher's face, and the high stool and fool's cap which often fell to my lot. The fool's cap was made of white cardboard, and had a little bell upon its peaked summit, which betrayed the slightest motion of the baby culprit. I can remember ringing this bell, and laughing merrily at its tinkle. One day I think I must have done this a little too often, for I found myself going home on Saturday noon with a black bow on my shoulder. The West Church Sunday School, said to be the first in the city of Boston, had not then opened, but our dear minister, Dr. Charles Lowell, held a catechising class, every Saturday afternoon, in the belfry of the Lynde Street Church. The small square room where we were seated must still be in existence, I should think, but I recall nothing of it or its inmates, save my minister's dear face. The one thing I felt sure of, as

Jane led me home, was this — that I could never wear a black bow into Dr. Lowell's presence! As soon as the door opened, I darted through the parlors, into the parlor pantry, climbed three short inside steps which led to the shed, jumped over the parapet, and climbed into the window of the adjoining house.

I was familiar with the way. The next house was occupied by an English family, named Wilby, whose four accomplished sisters afterwards became distinguished in the annals of school-teaching. Often had I been lifted over the parapet that I might watch one beautiful daughter as she played upon the harp. So far I remember; the rest I have been told. I could not have found any one in the house, not even the big St. Bernard with which I loved to play. I climbed to the upper storey, and, in the extremity of my disappointment and mortification, rolled under a servant's bed and cried myself to sleep.

What distress I left behind me, loving hearts of mothers will divine. Both houses and the whole neighborhood were searched in vain. There was a "Town Crier" in those days, and not even the heavy toll of his big bell reached my shrouded ears. Toward night the absent family came home to what was then very unusual, a late dinner. With them came my St. Bernard. On his way to his water-bowl in the pantry, he detected my presence, and, bounding up stairs, dragged me forth. The family were listening to the

story below, when they heard my sharp cry. They did not wait to go to my relief before the news was carried to No. 6. I know nothing more, but I don't think I was ever punished. On the next Saturday I found my way to the Belfry with a blue bow on my shoulder. Suddenly a tender hand lifted my chin, and deep, piercing, but loving eyes looked into mine, and I heard the words, "Caroline, why were you afraid to come to me? Do you not know that Our Father in Heaven sees us both always?" This I distinctly remember, and this is the first time I have repeated those sacred words.

When I was dressed for dinner, and lifted to the front parlor window to watch for my father, I looked down into a big wheelbarrow of smoking lobsters, over which a kindly sailor leaned upon a crutch. There were "giants" in those days! I sometimes think no one born since the Civil War has ever seen a lobster! As soon as I appeared, the sailor cut off the largest pair of antennæ he could find, and held them up. Then my maid opened the window and put her arm round me, while I joyfully seized them, to cut them into bugles for my doll, as soon as I had had my dinner.

Beyond Staniford Street and Major Melville's house, they were, at that time, building a Universalist church, afterward called Dr. Jenks's. It was while I was grasping my scarlet treasures one day, that I heard a heavy crash, and saw the rising cloud, where

the staging about the church had fallen. Many men were wounded, and two or three, I think, were killed. I still see that cloud of dust, hear the terrible cries, and watch something carried by, in a moment, covered with a white sheet, spotted with crimson.

So I remember seeing Lydia Maria Child go by, with long curls hanging over her shoulders, and a tin pail in her hand. This happened often, for three times a day she carried a dainty meal to her husband, at that time imprisoned in Leverett Street jail for debt. I saw, also, a prisoner with a black cap drawn over his face driving by in a cart, on his way to execution.

At the back of the house, the upper windows looked over to Bunker Hill, where there was then no monument; between my nursery and the river there was a brewery, and I often stood to watch the heavy bags of malt lifted from the carts to the lofts. It was not till many years after that I knew what those bags held.

It has seemed worth while to relate these juvenile experiences because the manner in which they were impressed upon my mind is evident. Bodily pain, bitter mortification, my pastor's ever-watchful love, and the surprise of spectacles — terrible or unusual, and never repeated — did the work. Nothing else do I recall of those first four years. Up to this hour, I remember little of ordinary occurrences.

I had a very small experience of schoolrooms, but when I was about eight years old I was sent to a school

kept on Hancock Street, by Ruth and Martha Twing, to learn to make a linen shirt. These were two maiden ladies, elderly, I think, even then. They both wore caps. Miss Martha was the younger, and her lovely face, full of deep content, rises clear before me now. Miss Ruth's face is quite as distinct, but stamped with integrity as I see it, it was never so tenderly beloved. Not a scholar's name or face can I recall, nor anything about the room, except that we sat on plain deal benches, without footstools or any support for the back, the benches themselves far too high for my comfort. My mother was an excellent needlewoman, but these ladies were her equals, and I had reason to remember their teaching gratefully when, in 1853, I was again making linen shirts, in order to supply bricks and mortar to the rising walls of Jarvis Street church in Toronto.

How I learned to read I know no more than Mr. Hale. My mother told me that, when I was eighteen months old, I knew all my letters, my father having taught me from the large type of the first page of the "Christian Register," himself making the letters that he could not supply from other papers. My children learned in much the same way; my daughter, by learning her "Mother Goose" by heart, and then picking out the familiar words beneath the pictures. I cannot remember a spelling lesson, though I must have had many. I suppose I studied the same arithmetics that

Mr. Hale did, "Colburn's Mental Arithmetic" and "Colburn's Sequel," and, if the good of the pupil still influenced the School Committees, these admirable books would yet suffice to the Public Schools of every city, to the great relief of the students.

My father taught me many tables of weights and measures. Modern languages I learned when I escaped from my governess, and laid solid foundations under the care of Joseph Hale Abbot, between the ages of thirteen and fifteen. With him, I read Dante and the French classics and Calderon, and took my Latin from his Italian teacher, also employed at Harvard, Pietro Alessandro. With a good knowledge of Spanish and Italian, I found it easy to pick up what I have since needed for scientific purposes of Sicilian and Portuguese. With a grammar, dictionary, and New Testament I have always found it easy to master the construction of any language I wanted, even when I could not pronounce a word of it. German and Greek and Oriental tongues, which I attempted, I never mastered, because my eyes were unable to stand the type. By resigning these studies as soon as they became painful, I have kept the full and steady use of my eyes throughout my life, often for twelve hours a day.

I cannot help thinking that some persons are born linguists—that is, with ready power to comprehend and master all varieties of human speech.

I had always a great desire to master a fine English style. After reading the first volume of the Life of Tennyson, I destroyed five volumes of Journal, filled with rambling verse which assisted me to do this. It amazed me when I looked at them from the distance of more than half a century, to see how I had persevered in my poor work, but it was not fruitless. Of no earthly importance to any one but myself, these volumes were important factors in my own growth.

When Mr. Hale had nothing to do in school, he mastered "Kettell's Specimens of American Poetry." I amused myself by writing novels, which nobody read, but which prove, in their still-existing pages, that I wrote as good English at fifteen as I do now.

When my father moved from Green Street he went to Poplar, where we remained for three years, and where our life must have been uneventful, for I remember very little of it. I was sent to school to Caroline Hastings and her sister Eliza, who lived directly opposite. Their faces I distinctly remember, yet nothing of the house but this: The ladies gave an evening party, to the parents of their pupils. Early hours we kept then, and, either because I was a neighbor or a favorite, I went to the party. A hassock was placed upon the piano, and I was seated on it, and then I had — for the only time in my life — the great pleasure of seeing my father and my mother dance. My mother had been one of the belles of Concert Hall, the favorite

partner of Caleb Cushing — considered the most graceful dancer of his day.

About that time one of the pupils, named Mary Norwood, died. She had been fond of me, and I was sent for at the last moment. I had never seen a dead or dying person, and I can still see her face, as she lay. The house stood endwise to the street, with a garden up the side, and I have always fancied that it was the house that Uncle Titus afterwards gave to Mrs. Ripwinkley.* That part of the West End, so near the river, was delightful then. An old servant of my grandmother's was ill at the Massachusetts Hospital, and I used often to play in its corridors, and walk through its pleasant garden, and, delighted with its shining floors, determined that, when I grew up, I would have a house just like that!

Not far from the Massachusetts General Hospital was a pretty house on Allen Street, where I often went. It was occupied by a business associate of my father, who was slowly dying of consumption. His wife was a pretty woman who had had many children none of whom had survived the second month. She was fond of me, and one morning, soon after her last baby had been buried, I was sitting at her feet charmed with some Paris bonbons, rare as jewels then, whose colored crystals glistened in the sun.

Dr. Charles Lowell came in, and as he moved toward a chair, stooped and took me on his knee.

* See "Real Folks," by A. D. T. Whitney.

The mother seized his hand, and cried out, "Oh Doctor! how can God be good? Why could he not leave me one? Nine lovely babies — beautiful to see, and not one with strength to live!"

"Dear child!" said my dear friend, fixing his glowing eyes upon her, "you have not lost them, they will be waiting for you."

"If they had not been born alive!" she moaned, "then I need not have loved them! But to give them to me, only to snatch them away!"

Tender as a loving mother's was the Doctor's voice and look, as he replied: "Then indeed you would have lost them! Not until they were born alive could He have given them a soul! Souls are of God, immortal as He is! He has given these to you, you shall surely have them again."

Neither of them thought of me, neither spoke to me during the interview that followed, but the child now grown a woman sees and hears them still, and often wishes the mother could know how many sorrowing hearts have been comforted by these words.

It was while we lived in Poplar Street that I went with my mother's maid to two houses which left also an indelible impression on my mind. Of the lofty house built by the son of the famous Dr. Lloyd, we hear little now, but it still exists. You enter it by a lofty archway, over which hangs the name of "The Somerset House." In spite of new partitions the

original lines of the house can still be traced. James Lloyd, who built it, was in the United States Senate from 1808 to 1813, and entertained Lafayette here in 1825. When the house was built, it opened at the back upon the gardens of Dr. Lloyd, which ran in terraces up the hill, till they met those of Gardiner Greene.

All these houses were built upon the farm of the Rev. John Cotton, whose house was afterwards occupied by Sir Harry Vane and stood opposite the North End of the King's Chapel Cemetery. Mr. Drake thinks this house was taken down before I was born, but I seem to myself to have a very distinct recollection of it. When the mother of James Freeman Clarke was married by old Dr. Freeman in the King's Chapel, somewhere about 1805, it was in the parlor of Sir Harry Vane's house that she changed her bridal robes for the riding habit in which she was to travel on horseback from Boston to Portland. Of my own early visit to the Lloyd house, where I went with the maid to carry some dainty to an invalid, I remember but two things—the immense height of the hall and parlor and the sweet face of a lady lying in a night rail trimmed with rose-colored ribbons upon a pile of snowy pillows. The room was on the first floor, and I think we entered it on the right as we came in from the great archway.

Still more impressive was an early visit to a house which I suppose to have been that occupied in 1782

by Daniel Dennison Rogers. I have never seen a picture of this house. Mr. Rogers must have been a double kinsman of my mother, but I do not know what son or grandson of his was living in this house when I was taken to it. Until we went to Chestnut Street to live, I was not familiar with this part of Boston, and I still feel the first impression made by the terraced gardens and beautiful houses standing opposite to the present site of the Boston Athenæum.

The house that I am now thinking of was just round the corner of Mount Vernon, upon Beacon Street. It was not only different from any that my young eyes had seen, but it was entirely different from anything I have seen since. Had Bowdoin Street been laid out then? I cannot tell, but the house stood so high and the carriage drive occupied so large a space that I can hardly think that street was cut through to Beacon. The house was probably built of brick, faced with a dark stone. It loomed above me — square, imposing — but not so interesting to me as the one-storeyed offices or vaults with arched doorways that flanked the north side of the driveway. Whether these were part of the original scheme, I have never been able to learn, nor was the most vigilant of antiquarians, my old friend Charles Deane, able to tell me for what use they were intended. Of the interior of the house, I remember only a lofty ceiling, walls covered with portraits and an invalid to whom we carried flowers.

This house had been built by William Molineux, a member of the Committee which demanded of Governor Hutchinson the immediate removal of the British troops, just after the "Boston Massacre." John Adams relates, that when this was secured Molineux had to walk to the wharf by the side of the troops to protect them from the rage of the people.

Allen Street and McLean Street and the whole length of Chambers were full of charming homes, many of them with large gardens, and, at the head of Allen Street, was the great house of Thomas Dennie, with a large terraced garden, that stretched over to Poplar Street, where I was often allowed to play. In this Poplar Street house, I remember my mother reading me to sleep with the fascinating story of the "Pilgrim's Progress," setting her candle behind the movable leaf of one of the small light-stands that everybody used, until gas came in. It stands beside me now. In those days, too, the farmers' carts drove over Cragie's bridge, and brought wild strawberries on long stems, and fresh vegetables. Sitting on the front window-seat of our basement breakfast-room, and watching the farmer fill his measures, I remember that he tossed me, from time to time, a fragrant scarlet-berried spray. No one, in those days, had seen the enormous strawberries of later times, and I often ask myself whether those provided by mother Nature would ever have produced the gout!

It was in 1824 that Professor Johnson, of the Pennsylvania University, first made it possible for anthracite to be burned in private houses, but in 1837 I had never seen any private houses lighted with gas. I do not remember when it came, but I remember well the immense relief it brought, for, when the smallpox invaded our kitchen, it became my duty to look after some half-dozen solar lamps, filled with that whale oil, the odor of which I still recall with a shudder. Our cooking was always done by the open fire, in bakers and tin kitchens and Dutch ovens, but nowhere was it done perfectly after an anthracite grate became the substitute for the wood fire. Who now knows what a scrod is, or a broiled steak, or a mackerel set up on a board before the live coals?

Mr. Hale mentions, in his pages, a certain Edward Renouf, later an Episcopalian clergyman, who introduced his school-fellows to the delights of Boston wharves. Mr. Renouf's two sisters were schoolmates of mine when I read Dante with Joseph Hale Abbot, and it is not a month since Edward himself, now more than eighty years old, walked into my study. He was attending the General Convention of the Episcopal Church here in Washington. He came because he "knew I was loyal to my old loves," and it was like a breath of fresh air to me, to hear him recall our youthful days. Both of his sisters died young, of inherited consumption. The oldest, Anna,

was a very beautiful girl, an imp of mischief and full of wit. She was the only person, I think, who ever read my first novel, written — a good deal of it — while she was looking over my shoulder !

Our schoolroom was carpeted with grey bocking, and, as those were the days in which every pupil mended her quill pen, each one was provided with a box into which she was expected to trim her quill. If any girl scattered her splinters, she was obliged to stay after school, and painfully pick up her belongings. One morning Anna had mischievously sent her bits of quill flying. She was a favorite, and she expected to escape the ordinary doom, but, with her books under her arm on the way to the dressing-room, she was intercepted by the words, "Miss Anna, you will return and attend to your duty." It is a pity any one should have missed that sight. With bent back, a stunted whisk, and a painful puffing, Miss Anna spent five minutes or so over the grey bocking. Then, venturing perilously near to the Master's desk, where he sat busied with French exercises, she drew a long breath, and said, "Oh, how I wish I were Ichabod Crane!" "How so, Miss Anna?" said Mr. Abbot, rousing from his task. "Oh, then if my feet were shovels," she replied, "I need not get down on my knees." A cheery laugh and, "You may go, Miss Anna," answered this venture. Are there any schoolgirls now who are acquainted with Ichabod Crane?

It was while I lived in Poplar Street, and I was about six years old, that I made my first conscious acquaintance with Major Melville. He lived, with several daughters, in an old wooden house on the corner of Staniford Street, near to the house on Green Street where I was born. The Major was one of the disreputable party of Indians who threw the tea overboard. I had often seen him walking the street in a cocked hat, small clothes, black silk stockings and buckled shoes, rapping the sidewalk with a gold-headed cane. I had expected him to live in some state, and I was a good deal disappointed at the long, insignificant front of the low wooden house, built close to the sidewalk. I think there was not even a step, though perhaps a doorstone, before the narrow entrance. Once within, however, the impression changed. The windows of the broad, low parlors looked out on a fair garden, climbing what had once been the rear slope of Beacon Hill, by terrace after terrace of box-bordered beds, between which fruit trees blossomed. I think there must have been a gate on Staniford Street, for a broad carriage drive swept behind the house, paved with big beach pebbles, set in diamonds of slate-color and white. Between the windows of the room in which I sat was a low table and on it a great punch-bowl of India china. In this bowl was a small bottle, carefully sealed. It held the tea which Mrs. Melville shook out of her husband's

shoes, when he returned from his frolic at Griffin's Wharf, for, whatever the patriots may have thought or planned, there is little doubt that many of the "Mohawks" were "out on a lark." I did not know that so well in those old days, and I looked at the Major with reverence, and timidly held the little bottle, which Miss Priscilla put into my hand, while she told me, not for the first time, the story of that wonderful night. That little bottle is now, I think, in the possession of the descendants of Chief Justice Shaw of Massachusetts.

I was seven years old when, one pleasant autumn afternoon, I took my father's hand, and went up over the hill where I had never before been, through what we then called Belknap Street to Mt. Vernon, and through Walnut to our new house at 24 Chestnut. All this was new to me. We passed the old Joy house, with its terraced garden meeting another large garden stretching up from Beacon Street. Next came the stately house of Jonathan Mason, opposite to Walnut Street and the Charles Lyman house and garden upon the corner. The protruding tower of Dr. Sharp's church did not hide the river. There was no Brimmer Street then, nor a single house between Mr. Mason's and what we afterwards called the "Gibbs house," occupied later by the sisters of the wife of Dr. William Ellery Channing. The whole space from Mt. Vernon to Pinckney Street was an

open, rocky pasture, and two cows were feeding upon it. When later the present block of houses was built, set back in comely lawns, and the Mason house was taken down, an effort was made to set back all the houses on the North side between Walnut and Joy Streets, but Mr. Samuel D. Parker insisted on retaining the privilege of looking down upon his neighbor, and the jog he gave the street still bears witness to him.

We turned into Chestnut Street. On the left, at the top of the street, but on Beacon Street, were still glimpses of gardens and wide spaces left beside the old Winthrop and Homer houses. On the right, lower down, there were the three houses built by old Mr. Swan for his three daughters, Sargent, Sullivan and Howard, and then an open pasture till we came to the "Dick Derby" house, with its ample courtyard, where later I often gazed wondering at a lunch or dinner table, balanced on an "oubliette," and dancing up and down as different courses were served from the basement.

Whenever I think of the streets I have mentioned, I see them as I saw them that day. Number 24 was a pleasant home to me. It was a large house, owned by an old friend of my grandfather, a Mr. Blanchard, who refused to remedy our smoky chimneys, because he said it was my mother's beautiful face that drew the smoke down! Here I had a chamber of my own, a

chamber which was also the family library, for three sides of it were shelved for my father's books, and glad I am that it was so, for by the free use of those shelves I had mastered all the English classics and translations of many others before I was twelve years old, beside making the acquaintance of "Dorcasina Sheldon," "Charlotte Temple," and "Eliza Wharton." Very glad I am that I did not have to read "Dryden's Plays" or the "Arabian Nights" later. We were too large a family to allow a room to literary uses alone. The nursery occupied by the younger children looked through the courtyard of the Harrison Gray Otis house, across Beacon Street to Boston Common, not yet degraded into a wood-lot by over-planting. A little east of this were the beautiful gardens of Mr. Otis and David Sears, and the very first spring Mr. Otis walked through our open gate, and led me into the lovely shadow of his own trees, because, he said, I was his little cousin, since he and my grandfather were cousins. Cousins or not, my grandfather, Samuel Foster, and Mr. Otis were with Thomas Handasyd Perkins the three handsomest and most stately of the Boston men of that day, the first two strongly resembling each other in face and port.

At the bottom of our own garden was a decaying peach tree, perhaps twenty years old, where a large colony of black ants pastured their Aphidian cows, and where I used to watch their annual migration,

astonished to see ants with wings. Under the long shed, at the "shoe" of the pump, plump, happy rats fed their little ones, and I watched them unmolested from a flight of a dozen steps, while they led out a blind old grandfather to eat and drink, and boxed the ears of their young ones with quite a human air, if they came too near the choice bits reserved for the veteran. Many of the *incredible* stories concerning rats were here enacted before my eyes.

There were no mosquitoes in Boston then. On Saturday summer evenings, I used to sit on the front doorsteps watching for my "Juvenile Miscellany," and amusing myself meanwhile with the busy upholsterer bees, lining the caverns between the bricks with soft green tapestry. It was from this house that I went to play in the "Mall," making a baby house of manorial extent in the spreading roots of the elms, and furnishing the apartments with toys and acorns, not far from Mr. Hale's "mail train," which was never fast enough to disturb my babies. The Common had only a rotten wooden fence about it then, which furnished many an interesting insect study. The Beacon Street Mall had two terraces with a narrow footpath between. It was on the lower terrace, beside the footpath, that the great green elms were set, and lifted their arched roots, well thatched with bark, to shelter my little family. It was a sad day for the trees when that footpath was obliterated, and the summer rains which had nurtured their growth swept in one long

slope from the fence to the broad gravel below, and filled its gutters instead of the thirsty fibers.

Mr. Hale never saw more than five cows on the Common in his day! I am sure it was his printer that made him say fifty! I can remember no more than two, and none were allowed after the iron fence was put up, and all that mischievous filling in and sodding was done. Along Boylston Street was a superb row of old buttonwoods that perished long ago. Neither does Mr. Hale remember a large willow tree by the frog pond. His fancy has cheated him. At one end of the pond was our dear old elm, full of sacred memories; at the other, the soil sloped gradually down to *two* magnificent old willows, shading the "Willow Pond," or, as it was sometimes called, the "Girl's Pond." Where the "Soldier's Monument" now stands, there was then, at a much lower level, the old Fort with a ditch around it, and a single solid footway over the ditch. The girls used to start from the outer breastwork and run races down to the "Willows," where the soil was slippery and the mud often deep, and where consequently many disasters befell. For that reason, I suppose, the pond was filled up and the willows cut down long before the old Fort was disturbed. It grieved me when I saw the shovels busily filling in the ditch.

Could the old Fort have spoken, it could have told of many a sorrow hidden, and many a life laid down in its hollow.

Long years ago, before railroads were, our country villages knew little of city men. In those days I knew a brave and most beautiful woman, married to a city merchant, within the shelter of a modest parsonage. She came with her husband to a stylish home in the West End. Filled with doubt, at affluent surroundings for which she was not prepared, her love struggled with anxieties of many kinds, until her first baby was born. Then, satisfied that her own honor was not safe, in the gambling hell which she had discovered her own house to be, she walked out of it one morning, dragging her baby in its willow carriage. She took scarce a change of linen for herself, but under the pillows of the carriage lay a flat carpet-bag, some toilet articles, and the necessities for her child. The preparations for the new iron fence enabled her to trundle her carriage into the Mall, and, keeping a steady course under the old elm, she sought the safe shelter of the ditch. There she packed her carpet-bag and left her carriage, making her way quickly to the Providence station with her baby in her arms. She left home with hardly money enough to carry her to New York, but so attractive was her bearing that, when leaving the child with a friend, she sought a house and furniture, both were granted her without security, and boarders flocked to her well-kept table. Her son, saved by her heroism, lived to be a distinguished man, whose name you would all know did I dare to write it. I

remember, too, some tiny Irish children, who hid themselves in this revolutionary hollow to escape from a drunken father, and stayed there through a cold night.

It was while we lived in this Chestnut Street house that I used, with other West End children, to go on May Day excursions to the old gardens of the town. In a notice recently published of Miss Rebecca Lash, some allusion is made to the picturesque aspect of old North Square, and of Charter, Prince and Salutation Streets. Her father, Robert Lash, was for sixty-two years the teller of the Boston Bank. He lived in Salutation Street, which was an alley leading off North Street, and named for a tavern upon the corner of the two. The tavern took its name from the sign, which represented two ancient fops in small clothes and cocked hats saluting each other.

Rebecca describes the neighborhood as one of isolated houses, many of them having orchards as well as gardens. Her father's house, close to Ann Street, which we now call North, was a good frame house standing endwise to the street, with a handsome gate from which a garden walk led up to the front door. This gate was enclosed by an arch, on the summit of which was a bust of Julius Cæsar, crowned with laurel. The garden was surrounded by Lombardy poplars, and contained beside the favorite flowers and plants of those days "London Pride," "Morning Glories," "Job's Tears," and the well-known "Cox-

combs " and "Southernwoods." A large lot was devoted to vegetables and herbs.

It was to such houses as these that we children went modestly for our May Day flowers. Many beautiful houses, surrounded by gardens, were hidden in narrow alleys in my childish days. I remember very well one such house, a "Myers'" house, perhaps, on the north side of an alley which led from School Street to Bromfield Lane, by the end of Province House Court.

My dearest companions at that time were Elizabeth, the daughter of Robert G. Shaw, and a relative on my mother's side, and Catharine Wild, a beautiful child and still more beautiful woman, who was the daughter of James C. Wild, the cashier of the Boston Bank. He was, I believe, a cousin of Rebecca Lash. Catharine's brother Hamilton, whom I have often consigned to his pillow in my girlhood, became afterward a celebrated artist.

May Day visitors were so common in those days that flowers were never refused. We found syringa, lilac, and violets in the more sheltered spots. If we exhausted the resources of North Street, we crossed the Common to a lane which we call Boylston Place, and which is now the dreariest nook in Boston, so that it is hard to believe that flowers ever blossomed there. This lane or court was then surrounded by wooden houses with gardens, and in the shelter of the extreme end we always found our lilacs. I think there was

only one brick house there in those early days, and that belonged to George Washington Otis, who, because he had translated the Italian history of the United States, was known to every child as "Botta Otis."

I find by my Journal that on May 1, 1839, the rain fell heavily on a Maypole erected on Boston Common. The evergreen wreaths and fresh flowers were dripping, to our great dismay. I suppose this must have been erected by Warren Street Chapel, then under the care of Charles F. Barnard.

When Elizabeth Shaw was my companion, we strolled out over Boston Neck, anxious to get some of the first snow drops from the terraced banks of the old Patten and Hunnewell houses, which stood opposite the ancient burying ground at the corner of Dudley Street. Farther out, near Dr. Putnam's church, but in old Dr. Porter's day, we found the grand mansion of Dr. Peter C. Robbins, the father, by two different wives, of the Reverend Chandler Robbins and the Reverend Samuel, both well beloved in their separate walks, but as far from each other in their theological and spiritual attitude as the tropic from the pole. Dr. Robbins's second wife was a Hooper from Marblehead, and Elizabeth and I remembered long one visit to her beautiful house. We had wandered away—naughty truants that we were—after our early dinner, and took it into our heads that it was time for a bright red apple that

grew in the garden to be ripe. We were sure we knew the way, so we strolled along till we came to the well-known spot. In the long parlor which looked over the garden behind the beautiful curving stairway, all the ladies of Dr. Porter's church were assembled.

It was the monthly meeting of the sewing circle, and when we entered, all were enjoying the contents of a mighty cut glass bowl filled with ice cream. We had our share, which we ate with wondering delight, for although frozen custards had been made in Washington as early as 1800, what was properly known as ice cream was confined to a few private houses, and I do not remember hearing of it until I was ten years old. I well remember the sweet face of Miss Caroline Porter, and the mighty turban of blue and silver that crowned Madame Robbins's toilet. The freezing machine of those days was a common tin pail immersed in ice, and turned by hand; no wonder that the cream was a costly luxury!

It was during this time, too, that I used to go down to Central Wharf with my father, who was an India merchant, and, sitting on the wide window-seat of the counting-room, watch the busy scenes on the wharf, without a suspicion of the Doctors of Divinity and Episcopal dignitaries that would one day emerge from that boyish crowd.

It was from this house that I went on the first excursion train to Newton to celebrate the opening of

the Boston and Worcester road, the road so dear to the heart of Nathan Hale. So far as I can remember, the things that interested me most were General Hull's house, near our Newton station, and a glass of lemonade which was a bitter disappointment. It was a very hot afternoon, and when I heard my father order it I looked forward to a pleasure. When it came it was so bitter with nutmeg, a spice which I detested, that I found it impossible to drink it. This, which was then considered a safe drink for children, reminds one of the "night cap" given to old gentlemen of that era. A glass of hot milk, well sweetened, with half a nutmeg grated into it, was a perfect remedy for the innocent insomnia of those days!

Before this, I had been carried out to Quincy, and instructed carefully as to all the wonders of the little railway and the quarry, but what I chiefly remember of it is my first introduction to a scarabeus. Long did I watch Mr. and Mrs. Scarab as they carefully rolled and guarded the tiny sphere which contained their earthly treasure. It was curious to see papa Scarab turn the end of his body into a lever, and to watch mamma while she helped to excavate and clear the grave that was to receive the ball, in the sure hope of a resurrection. I was inconsolable because my father would not let me stay to see the process completed.

It was in the Chestnut Street house, too, that the whole family of us had the measles, and a dear Aunt

Orne, a collateral relative of Seth Low's father, used to come from Salem to amuse us with Pepper's Gibraltars and wonderful little darkies and devils, cut by her skillful hand from the uppers of the old gum shoe. This shoe was made over a clay model in the wilderness of Brazil, before Vulcan had claimed sovereignty over the tropic treasure. As the measles had affected all our eyes, we were allowed no light save that which came from a dull wood fire. Aunt Orne strung her artistic little figures on a cord, which she tied across the andirons, and the heat of the coals soon took complete possession of them and they danced as if they were alive. Here originated, as I think, the elastic gutta-percha toys of a later day. A little mouse crept up from a corner of the hearth, to be fed with fragments of our supper, and soon became tame enough to be handled.

The readers of "Patty Gray" will remember how early and how kindly I was taught never to look for human approbation, never to square my conduct by anything but my own sense of right. It was at the little parties at Catharine Wild's home on West Cedar Street that I learned, about this time, what was to a loving child a bitter lesson. Kindly I was taught, I said, and I repeat it, for had it not been for this never forgotten experience, what would have become of me when the anti-slavery struggle began, and I had to brace myself to meet the censure of those I loved best in the world?

In those days, the broad, old-fashioned chaise came every afternoon to take my father and mother to drive. Boston then had suburbs worthy of the name. Long winding lanes, hedged with sweet briar, alder and privet, with the very breath of the White Mountains hidden in their forest glens, stretched from Brookline and Roxbury to Savin Hill, where my father, whose ancestors had lived on the Devonshire coast from the time of the Norman conquest, loved to catch glimpses and odors of the sea. We did not carry a trunk for wild flowers, as the Hales did, but my father often stopped to gather baskets full of the big red clover, which reminded him of the Kensington hills where he was born, and which he emptied into the bottom of the chaise. One delightful drive over Milton Hill I shall always remember.

We did not shut up our houses in summer then. From the age of thirteen I was my father's house-keeper, for my mother's health had failed, and my father, dearly as he loved me, was not one to understand what an unsuitable burden he laid upon me. All children went to church in those days, and at the West Church my father had two pews, which were well filled by his children and their governesses. In those days, the children of one family usually dressed alike, with only such slight variations as different ages required. We shall never again see such pretty sights as we saw when we watched those large families on

their way to church. It was no trial to us six in those days, for we dearly loved the sight of Dr. Lowell, who always watched over my studies, and offered a prize for any special achievement he wished me to attempt. His "short sermons" held the attention of the youngest.

We were not given gingerbread for our lunches, as Mr. Hale was, but I remember one occasion on which a barrel of fine apples from the New Hampshire farms lasted us just three days! And boxes of dried ginger, pressed oranges, and cumquots, which came from China in my father's ships, were always open. There was cholera in Boston about this time, and a rope was stretched across Chestnut Street above Spruce to indicate a quarantine. We were sitting comfortably on our front steps, a full dozen of us, munching our apples, when some passer-by paused in horror, and begged us to tell him if our father and mother knew what we were doing! Barrels of rock candy used to come from India, with half a dozen sugar canes thrust down in their midst, and once came Olaf, a young Dane, who had stolen a passage from Cronstadt on the "Steiglitz," one of my father's vessels in the Russia trade, and who not only revealed to us the mysteries of reindeer tongues, but delighted my artistic soul with such colored pictures as could then be bought, and which are still carefully preserved. He had run away from a cruel stepfather, and afterward became distinguished in Jonas Chickering's factory for

his skill in toning pianos. He has long been dead, but he is not forgotten. About this time, too, Mrs. Sage, the beautiful sister of Elizabeth Howard Bartol, came home from the West Indies, and astonished us by leading a gazelle by a blue ribbon up and down our quiet street, and Charles Sumner used to come to an adjoining house to listen to the beautiful song of Mrs. Stuart Newton, which I heard at the same time, hidden behind the drawing-room curtains of her mother, Mrs. Sullivan.

We girls were not provided with swimming schools, but there was at the bottom of Chestnut Street, below Brimmer, something called "Braman's Baths." Beside the small single baths, there was connected with them a loaded platform, with steps and swinging ropes above. The water was deep enough here to cover the chest of an adult, and it was clean sea water. These baths were frequented by all the West End people, twenty-five cents paying for both bath and towels. They disappeared after the incoming of Cochrane water and private baths, but they are still needed. The only salt water baths in Boston now are intended for the poorer classes, and if cold salt water baths could still be had, suited to West End habits, I think the doctors would know less of nervous prostration.

In the days of which I am writing, all Beacon Street breakfasted from seven to half past, and dined at two, taking tea at six or half past. There was not

at that time the constant succession of late parties, which now ruins the constitution of women, old or young. The little dancing parties which went from house to house began at three in the afternoon, and we were all safely at home by nine. There never was, I think, any entertainment so delightful as the tea parties of those days. We all sat down to a table spread with dainties. The hostess had no anxiety about these parties, for there were no courses and no changes of plates. We waited upon ourselves and upon each other; there were pleasant talks and friendly jests, but this simple festivity died a natural death when late dinners came in, and nothing half as good survived.

My evening parties differed from Mr. Hale's; I never heard any boy or girl "speak a piece." Our refreshments were grapes from Lisbon, figs, dates, raisins and nuts, and occasionally jelly. Shagbarks were common, and now and then a gentleman would heat a pair of tongs in the live coals, and taking up a fat meat would get the children to count the drops of oil he could squeeze out of it. At nine o'clock we were sure to hear the cry of "Oys! Oys!" as men with large tin pails, full of such oysters as had been opened and not sold in markets or shops, patrolled the West End. They did not cry in vain. Company or no company, every front door opened, and a maid appeared, and the big pails were emptied all too soon.

When the oysters were cleansed and prepared, a tin pail was set on the hot coals of the parlor fire, the casters were brought out, and never since have any oysters seemed so good as those I was then allowed to "sit up" to eat. If we had "cockles" with absurd mottoes at any of our parties, it was unusually hard to separate when the curfew rang!

At such formal dinners as I frequented, I never saw the transparent, amber-colored dun fish served, but it was everybody's Saturday dinner, brought to table folded in a damask napkin, with egg sauce, pork scraps and all manner of vegetables, and if the family had started from Essex County, and had any inkling of the habits of the Channel Islands, such as were current in Marblehead, was plentifully flanked by Spanish olives.

The habits of Boston merchants were very simple then. As they left their counting houses, insurance offices or banks in those days, they found at the head of State Street a smoking barrow of lobsters. It was a common thing to see one after another of our "first men" walking down Beacon Street, with a lobster wrapped in fresh paper under his arm, the long, scarlet antennæ sticking out behind! No servants or caterers opened lobsters then, the mother or daughter did that in person, and in those days it was a rare thing to see the most dainty hostess clad in the early morning in anything but a French print, or a fine

white wrapper protected by a black silk apron. "A silk morning gown!" exclaimed my grandmother, when Hepsy Coffin, a quaint little dressmaker from Newburyport, first suggested such a thing, "what would I do with a silk gown in the kitchen!" She did not realize that the time would soon come when there would be a large class of housekeepers, not only unwilling, but absolutely unable, to direct the cook or laundry maid.

Mr. Hale thinks he went to Papanti's dancing school in Bulfinch Place, but I am sure he is mistaken. Mr. Papanti took one of two twin houses on the corner of Somerset Place, now called Allston Street, and Bulfinch Street, which was much farther up the hill. It offered on the second floor a very large saloon. It had for us all a very sad association, for just before Mr. Papanti took it a beloved husband and father went quietly forth from it one evening for his usual walk, and was never seen again. We used to hear how his poor wife, who survived him many years, constantly listened for his step upon the stair, or the click of his key in the latch. I was not so fortunate as Mr. Hale; I do not think I was ever a favorite with my dancing master; but I was sincerely attached to Mr. Papanti and the elegant French woman who was then his wife. In those days he had an assembly once a month, when all the old scholars, who had gone out into the great world, were invited

to come back and show us younger pupils what a beautiful thing dancing could be. Many of the groups thus gathered are vividly impressed upon my mind. Especially do I recall the eager greeting which Anna Shaw received on those evenings.

Especially was she a

— “form of life and light,
That seen, became a part of sight.”

Does she ever think of those days, I wonder, in her Paris *salon*, where, although more than eighty years old, she still holds her court?

It was in 1834, I think, that ice creams were first sold by the glass in Boston, and then it became a fashion to go to the tiny shop of Mrs. Laurence Nichols. This shop was on the north side of Court Street, not far from Sudbury, and there was a very small parlor behind it. Here the most delicious creams and cream cakes could be had. I do not mean frozen custards, nor did we ever hear in those days of the artificial flavors which are now so baneful. These creams were served in glasses of two sizes, of the kind then called jelly glasses, the larger at nine pence ha'penny, or twelve and one-half cents, the smaller at four pence ha'penny, or six and one-quarter cents, for children and light purses. This style of serving and these prices continued until the opening of the Civil War. After that the larger were alone sold, and the price went up with the price of sugar to twenty cents

a glass or saucer, where, without reasonable excuse, it has ever since remained.

I was about twelve years old, and already in the habit of annually offering some verses to my father on his birthday, when he was once heard to say, "Possibly the verses might be good if one could only read them!" and this led to a search for a capable writing master. At that time an Englishman named Bristow was teaching in Boston. His services were secured, and from the day that I left his classes until today my handwriting has never changed. Many things that he said to me were useful to me when I myself became a teacher. "The small i is a cannon," he would say, "do not let it explode; the ball must be right opposite the mouth!" "The small d and t are not grown-up letters, and be sure you put a hat on your t, or he will never be noticed!" "The small b, f, g, h, j, k, l, p, q, and y have long legs and arms. Keep them out of the way; don't let the other letters stumble over them!"

I do not know what became of this inspired teacher, but every day of my life I am grateful to him.

A curious thing happened before we left Chestnut Street, when I think I must have been about twelve years old. It would not be worth telling if it did not so readily illustrate the habits of the time. When my father was married every gentleman had upon his sideboard a "Liqueur Case" of more or less elegance.

This held four cut or gilded glass bottles, a biscuit tray of cut glass, and sometimes a mirror and two wineglasses. Whether he used wine or not at his table, these bottles were filled with Medford rum, Holland gin, brandy and old Madeira. I never heard of any whiskey, but whoever called was asked to partake of these, with a biscuit or a slice of cake. One day, before the care of the household had passed to me, there came to call a very old lady, bearing one of Boston's most honored names. She seemed very faint and weary, and I loosened her bonnet strings and gave her a glass of Madeira and a slice of cake, while I went to speak to my mother.

Whether she filled a second glass while I was gone, or received a second at some other house, I never knew, but when my father came home, he made strict inquiries as to what she had been offered. I told my story, the "Liqueur Case" was locked and hidden in an upper storeroom, and I never saw it again.

Something had happened which was noised abroad, but I never blamed the poor old lady, for I think she was very ill. She had afterward a tender feeling for me, but I never had a chance to offer her another glass, and only an occasional glimpse of a gold starred bottle, which came in time to hold innocent drugs like camphor or arnica, ever again reminded me of the accident.

It was in 1836 that my father bought a house in Hancock Avenue. Here to my great delight I had a

large room at the top of the house, and from the window where I studied and wrote, I could look down over the bay and see every vessel that entered the harbor. Before that time I used to climb the terraces of Gardener Greene's house on Scollay's Square, and sitting on the steps about his garden pump, watch the distant sea. At that time most of the houses on the north side of Beacon and School Streets as far as Tremont Street still stood in gardens; high up in the air as it seemed, so many terraces were needed to the approach, and these gardens originally fell at the back to the level of Somerset Court, now called Ashburton Place. In my day these gardens had already begun to be dilapidated. On the Somerset side they had gone wild, and the fences had broken away. A few of these large houses had become boarding houses, and a party of schoolgirls organized a fairy band with scepters and crowns of gay tinsel, who made themselves merry with many a prank on holidays in the unused grounds. It was in 1836 that the excavation began which formed Pemberton Square and Tremont Row.

I continued to attend Joseph Hale Abbot's school for a year or more after we moved to the avenue. Here I met a superior class of young women whom I have loved from that time to this. Beside the two Renoufs, there was Caroline Dorcas Smith, a well-known artist, who afterwards became the wife of

Colonel Joseph Murdoch, and her younger sister, a distinguished scholar in Latin and mathematics, whose services, when my change of fortune came, I can never forget. Then there was Anna Maria Allen, the devoted wife of the Dantesque poet, Parsons, and her sister, the gracious and winning partner of James M. Barnard. There was that faithful Unitarian, Elizabeth Livermore of Milford, and, dearest of all to me, Mary, the daughter of Theodore Lyman. I had mastered the Italian language before I ever saw Mary, but I never knew how a woman ought to read it until, returning from Italy where it had been her daily study for years, Mary Lyman set the pattern for us all. There was also in the school, supreme in beauty and grace, Anna, the daughter of Joseph Coolidge, who afterward became the wife of Colonel Prince of Newport and died not long ago. She fascinated me by her personal charms. I do not now know, and I never cared to know, whether she was a student or not. I felt that she should have been born in the purple, and followed her with my eyes wherever she moved. Fortunately for me, so much her junior, she had a kindly heart, and often took me home with her to the great garden which reached from Bowdoin to Temple Street, and half way up Beacon Hill from Cambridge. I still have a vivid recollection of the dresses that she wore, and could paint a perfect portrait of her, if my skill were equal to my memory.

About this time I began to go out to Cambridge to exhibitions and Commencements, and had such intimate relations with many students that I felt as if I too were a pupil of Harvard. The aggrieved lads, whose finest sentences Professor Channing cut out without scruple, only replying to their remonstrances by saying, "Nobody will miss the good things you leave out," used to bring their themes to me for the comfort of my sympathy. The modern languages were very imperfectly taught at Harvard in those days, but the students of today would be better off if English spelling and composition received such attention as Professor Channing gave them. I learned many things over the shoulders of my student friends, and I shall always think the training received through the frequent exhibitions of those days very essential to Americans, who are sure to become speakers to some extent if they are faithful to their political duties. There were no Commencement "spreads" then, so far as I knew, but Commencement dinners were served after the exercises on Commencement Day.

In those days the Common at Cambridge used to remind me of a rural fair ground in old England. There was an ancient wooden fence all round it, and close beside this were set the booths and tables of the hucksters who supplied the village loungers with root-beer, ham sandwiches, lemonade and oysters. A frequent decoration of these tables was a tiny pig,

never more than fourteen inches long, decorously draped with parsley, and with a lemon in his mouth. The boys and girls from the "Port" used to come up to see the show and the gay lancers with crimson pennons, as these last escorted the Governor to the First Church. There was once a time when there were so many more ladies than skilful barbers, that belles who expected to be in the front row had their heads dressed over night, and prepared themselves for the next day by fitful naps in their old "easy chairs." These days were over before my time. When I was young, ladies of all degrees dressed their own hair, and went with or without their bonnets as they chose to the First Church. The exercises were announced to begin at eleven, but we young people who crowded the galleries were sure to get there at half past nine, when we adjusted our toilets, put our heavy baskets under the seats till the time came for luncheon, and then watched with interest every incoming official. The ladies most nearly interested in the graduates usually found the front, central seats reserved for them on the floor, but their gay dresses had no such charm for me as the noble faces and forms upon the platform belonging to the older men I knew. I was never tired of the Commencement Orations and Essays, and bitterly grieved over the changes created by the necessities of later years.

I do not find, as I look back, that there was any enduring impression left upon my mind by any single

graduate, unless he was a personal friend. It was the whole atmosphere of the thing that impressed me. In one year, however, two personalities challenged some attention. I had never seen Charles Dall or Samuel Eliot until that day, and never expected to see either again. I had small idea then that I should marry Charles Dall, or that when Samuel Eliot was the father of a family, he would, with ex-Governor Washburn and myself, become one of the legs of the "Social Science Tripod!"

Charles Dall was a graduate of the Divinity School, and I do not remember his Essay in the least. I do not recall its subject nor even his manner, but I saw a frank, spiritual face, innocent as a child's, and a man who held in his hand a manuscript tied with a broad black ribbon. Samuel Eliot's maternal grandfather, "Alden Bradford," the historian, had been an early friend of mine, and he had talked to me of his daughter's son, but never, I think, had he spoken of his great personal beauty. When, therefore, a young man with the face and figure of a Greek, with a bearing that might have challenged a Phidias, came forward on the platform, this was the first thing I thought of. But it was only the first. When he began to read I wholly forgot this exterior in the winning voice, the polished style, the wholly satisfactory character of his Essay. Never did I know a graduate's first effort greeted with the thundering applause that followed this. It was

not because he was a class favorite, for he was, I think, of too reserved a nature for that, and a certain Puritan austerity clung to him all through his life. A beautiful life, full of usefulness to his fellowmen, but not the brilliant worldly success that was probably anticipated by all who listened to him then. I have never forgotten the picture he presented as he stood before that audience. It has never been repeated, and I do not think I was ever again impressed by the personal beauty of a man.

The exercises frequently held us until nearly four in the afternoon, and at the close something occurred which always moved me profoundly. The classes were called to form the procession which was to move across the road to the campus and the dining hall. The graduates of the year came first and, called audibly from the platform in the order of their seniority, all the others followed. There was a pathetic contrast between the joyful alacrity of the young men, who carried diplomas tied with blue ribbons, the staid demeanor of middle-aged men, and the tottering steps that closed the procession! Sometimes two very old men went out together feebly sustaining each other. Another supported his gouty steps upon a cane, and last of all, there might come the sole survivor of the oldest class, leaning upon the arm of a servant. I was never willing to leave the church till this last survivor had passed out, and my tears always started when I saw him.

This pathetic and impressive sight has never been seen since Saunders' Theatre took the place of the First Church. The procession is now formed upon the green, and in a manner which, from the shortness of the space to be traversed, no longer appeals to the spectator.

"Class Day," as I knew it, was a simple rustic festival. If the drunkenness of which Mr. Hale speaks occurred often, it must have been at late suppers after the ladies had left the ground. I never remember to have seen a student excited by drink. There was more intercourse in those days between students and townspeople than is now possible. The village girls, who were quite capable of enjoying a modest glass of root-beer, danced upon the green with the rest and were always welcome guests. "Class Day dresses" were not heard of in my day, and the classes themselves were too small to make seats about the tree, tickets and ropes necessary. The athletic craze had not set in; young men went to college to fit themselves for the serious business of life, not to run up bills at the surgeons for patient fathers to pay, and when they engaged in football, it was for the pleasure of the sport and not to outwit each other. I am glad to say that none of the rowdyism of the English universities has ever been apparent on Commencement or Class Day at Harvard. Are dignity and courtesy an inheritance from its Puritan founders? If so, we have much to thank them for.

It gave me pleasure to read what Mr. Hale says of Professor Pierce, who became in later years a dear friend of my own, but his "long step" over "five or six short ones" of a pupil's reminded me of an amusing incident in my own career. I was little more than a child in experience, when my father's unexpected reverses — the only ones of his long life — sent me down to the District of Columbia to teach "Mathematics." I should never have had the courage to do it, but for the loving kindness of my schoolmate, * Mannie Smith, who patiently went over the work that I did in pen and ink to fit myself for emergencies. I was afraid of my own "long steps"! When I had been teaching two or three months, I was invited to make a visit of a few days at Fort Washington, by some ladies connected with the Engineer Corps of the United States Army. Never shall I forget the charm of my row down the Potomac, which, for that day at least, was as blue and sparkling as the old song would have it. Our boat was rowed by sixteen men in the uniform of the United States Navy, and they sang German boat songs all the way. Delightful was the rest of those few days, but I hurried back on a certain Monday morning in time for my classes. I had chosen as my substitute during this absence a certain Miss Latimer, who was a distinguished student, who had been governess in the family of Mr. Wheaton,

* Mannie — abbreviation for Mary Anne.

well known, I think, as an authority on International Law. I expected my pupils to enjoy her kindly service, and feared they might be sorry to see me back. They were already assembled when I entered my classroom, and rushed toward me in great disorder, half in tears and full of discontent, each trying to speak louder than her neighbor.

“Oh Miss Healey, Miss Healey, we must not have bad marks; what could we do with such a black-board as that?” were the few words that I at last made out. I went up to the black-board, and for a moment or two I was as much puzzled as my pupils, who stood anxiously watching my chalk. I began work with the first equation and plodded steadily on, but I wonder if anybody will believe me if I say that before I reached the second, I had put in *seventeen* not before on the board, so “long” was dear Miss Latimer’s “step”?

I find my friend alluding to the absence of all sanitary instruction in college, but if Mr. Muzzey suffered from the want of physical exercise, David Wasson, many years after, suffered even more severely from an excess of it. No one told him when he was first taxing his brain severely, that the exercise which would weary the spinal cord must be light and not prolonged. The result of his ignorance was a physical torture much harder to bear than the mild distress of dyspepsia.

When my father moved into his Hancock Avenue house, I was still a very young girl, but was not

counted a child, because in addition to my school studies with masters and Mr. Abbot, I had had, for two years, the care of my father's house, the oversight of seven servants and of my sisters' studies. My brothers were still babies. Only my sister Emily was born there. At that time President Eliot was a frolicsome boy of three or four, playing within sight of our nursery windows.

The first course of lectures that I ever heard of opened soon after we went there. They were held in the Masonic Temple on the corner of Tremont Street and Temple Place, where Stearns's store now is. The tickets were very costly, and my uncles thought my father very foolish to provide me with one. "I shall expect her to write abstracts of them," said my father, and my uncles laughed.

On the first evening I came down with a note-book and pencil. "What are those for?" said my father, and I told him. "How much do you suppose you will understand, if you busy yourself with writing?" was his response. "Put those things away, listen carefully, try to keep the thread of the discourse, and tomorrow morning write what you can remember." I still have the notes of that course of lectures. The abstract of the first filled a page, perhaps seven inches by four, but some years after, when Dr. James Walker gave a course of Lowell lectures on the "*A priori* arguments for the existence of a Deity" and related

subjects, he said he could hardly distinguish my notes from his own manuscript, and "would quite as lief print from one as the other!" So well had my father's method served me!

I can never forget my obligations to the Lowell Institute. I was very small for my age. When the first course opened in the old Theatre in Franklin Street, which we then called the "Odeon," no tickets were given out. A crowd stood for more than an hour on the sidewalk, and as I was one of the earliest to arrive, I was next the broad iron gate. Colonel Joe May, the father of Mrs. Alcott and the Reverend Samuel J. May, stood right behind me, and with his gold-headed cane and his stout arms formed an arc of safety about me. We always sat together, for we both knew what we wanted and went straight to our end. I think it was Professor Silliman who gave the first course. The Colonel was deaf and I was very near-sighted. We always sat on the first central seat directly in front of the speaker, to the great amazement of our friends, who could not understand how we could occupy one seat twelve nights in succession! These lectures opened wide fields of knowledge to the young people who listened to them. Of late years they have been more profound, touching social problems or scientific speculations, rather than opening literary and historical themes, but then they introduced, as they continue to do, the most distinguished leaders of the generation to an appreciative audience.

Four things stand out in my recollection connected with our Hancock Avenue home. First, my coming-out party; second, my introduction to Maria Weston Chapman; third, the ball upon the "Unicorn"; and fourth, the death of a dear child at five years of age. In those days, young ladies were introduced into society at the age of sixteen. College education has fortunately put an end to that. Our house had only two good sized parlors, and it was necessary to take the furniture out of the nursery on the next floor, which overlooked the Hancock grounds, and prepare it for a supper-room. My father allowed me to dictate all the details of decoration. Flowers were scarce in Boston then. I do not remember ever to have seen a room decorated with flowers in the modern sense, although I went that winter to many elegant parties. I chose white and green for the table. Silver and glass and white camellias gave it a pure, attractive grace. It was lighted entirely by silver candelabras set with candles. I cannot remember any gas in private houses at that time. I had for the table, in garlands and other adornments, five hundred camellias mixed with myrtle, and the perfect, scentless blossoms cost a dollar apiece. One of these was given to each of my guests as he or she departed.

A few years ago I went to a party here in Washington, where the florist came from Philadelphia, and

the flowers for one evening cost four thousand dollars! I did not think it as pretty or effective as my own supper table.

My dress for the evening was a simple white muslin, my neck and arms draped with costly lace. It was not becoming, and I think I never looked worse! I came to some honour for refusing to open my own ball, honour conferred on very mistaken grounds. The newspapers praised my self-denial, supposing I refrained to leave more space upon the floors. I refused, because I must have opened the ball with a young man whom I did not respect, and with whom I would not take the first step toward intimacy. Having refused him, of course I could take no other partner. Such a step was so unusual, that my true reason was never suspected. The young man, however, understood, and the experience had much to do with shaping his subsequent creditable life. If he were living, I should not myself allude to it.

Very few, if any, of those who danced that night are now living; I can recall only Carlton Sprague, the celebrated lawyer, President Felton, Professor Lovering, Dr. Thomas Hill of Harvard, Henry Tuke Parker, and some dear schoolmates among those who have passed away. I had at that time one dear companion who was never the friend I believed her, for when it became necessary for me to take my stand against American slavery, the garlands her love seemed to have woven dropped away like frost-bitten leaves.

Although I went to many parties that winter, and was the daughter of a very wealthy man, I had but two dresses, the white one I have mentioned, and a rose colored silk, embroidered in the same color with half opened buds. This last was my father's choice, and suited my pale face. I suspect I should have had but one, if the white one, granted to my own entreaty, had not been so very unbecoming. No one in those days ever thought of a new dress for every ball.

It was soon after we went to Hancock Avenue that some Massachusetts Educational Association, the exact title of which I do not remember, held a meeting in the "House of Assembly." I was already teaching in two Sunday schools and deeply interested in educational matters, but looked, I suppose, even younger than I was, from the surprise my interest often excited. I went to the meeting in question, was greatly interested in the discussions, and asked some questions which no one seemed disposed to answer.

Suddenly a lady rose, who seemed to me the most beautiful being I had ever seen. Her features were as clean cut as a Greek cameo, her hair of a golden lustre was gathered in long ringlets at the back, and her whole bearing was one of ærial grace. She took up my questions, made them plain to the audience, and showed very clearly their connection with the discussion. "What a teacher she would make!" I thought as I listened with delight, not knowing that

she had already taught, and that it was her own experience that had translated my meaning. After all was over she came to me, offered me her card, and, expressing her sympathy in the interest I evidently felt, asked me to come and see her.

The name upon the card was that of Maria Weston Chapman. I did not know it, nor that of William Lloyd Garrison in their true relations, until long after. As I looked at her, she seemed to represent Minerva, so Greek, so purely intellectual was the whole expression of her figure. From that moment till she died, my allegiance never wavered. I see her now, as she stood before me then, as distinctly as I did that day. The "steel blue eye" which Lowell celebrated in his early poem was brilliant but not penetrating. Many years have passed since she died, and no intelligible word has yet been spoken concerning her. Though I loved her, I never became an agnostic for her sake. She realized my highest ideal, so far as intellect was concerned, but my imagination always ventured on higher flights than hers, my heart always beat more warmly. Her indignations were rooted in her sense of justice, mine in warm human sympathies.

I carried my card home. "Shall she go?" said my mother. "It will not harm her," said my father. Never shall I forget that delightful afternoon. One of the finest intellects was devoted to my entertain-

ment. Portfolios and cabinets, filled with things that I had never seen, were opened to me. Once we came upon a picture of a slave chained and beaten. I turned it quickly. "It hurts me," I said. "It ought to," she added, and I saw a sorrowful expression pass over her beautiful face.

When I wrote the Constitution of the "Association for the Advancement of Social Science," she was the only person who recognized my hand. I did not see her for many years after that pleasant afternoon in West Street, but when, after some personal experience of slavery, I sent my first contribution to the "Liberty Bell," Mrs. Chapman, who was the Editor, sent it back to me with a note. "I want to print it," she wrote, "but I cannot do it until I am sure you have counted the cost. Are you strong enough to bear the isolation that will come?" "I ought to be," I answered, "have I not seen Dr. Channing walking the streets of Boston alone?" The question showed the strictly just character of the woman.

On the third of June, 1840, the first ocean steamship reached Boston. It was called the "Unicorn." Of her twenty-seven passengers, the son of Mr. Samuel Cunard was one. Banners streamed, salutes were fired, and the city of Boston entertained the officers by a reception and banquet in Faneuil Hall. In return, the officers of the "Unicorn" invited the families of the leading Boston merchants to an excursion

from Boston to Salem and back, which was followed by a banquet in the saloon of the steamer and a ball upon the deck.

The " Unicorn " was a small steamer, and she was afterwards transferred to the St. Lawrence, running for years between Quebec and Pictou. She was very elegantly decorated. I still see distinctly the gold and white panels of the saloon, the gay dresses of the ladies, and hear the eloquent but decidedly Irish accents of Mr. Grattan, who was then British Consul at the port.

I find in my girlish Journal a very full account of this excursion. I call the entertainment splendid, but am chiefly astonished by the floral decorations which were to be found in all parts of the boat. I am delighted with the finish of the machinery, and the delicacy of the landscape painting on the panels, and the berths in the staterooms. The upholstering, which astonished me then, seems now like the present fashionable folly of first-class steamers. I have never been able to see why we should be forced to travel on satin and velvet, and have the daylight shut out by brocades and costly lace, when these are luxuries we cannot afford at home, yet which are sure to increase the cost and the risk of necessary travel.

The ceilings and cornices I describe as heavily gilded, the lights are of colored glass, the sideboard is loaded with heavy plate, and the black walnut panels

of the saloon are filled with designs in high-colored Japanese lacquer. The fireplaces are of finely carved white marble and, oddly enough, I think, the hanging lamps are decorated with highly colored "Unicorns!"

I describe one thing in the cabin which seems to indicate that, surrounded by staterooms, this served as a common dressing-room. Opposite the entrance I saw an oval dining table of black walnut covered with a handsome cloth. The top is hinged in the middle, and one-half, as it is lifted up, displays a wash-bowl with two faucets, one of which provides fresh and the other salt water, as well as elegant tumblers, brushes and the usual toilet furniture. The other side holds napkins and *night clothes!* Who wore these *last*, I wonder!

It would be easy, I suppose, to discover who was Mayor in 1840, but I have not thought it necessary to preserve so immortal a name! I thought his speech graceful. He said that England had sent over something she supposed stranger than anything a Yankee ever saw, but we had our own "Sea-Serpent!" He drank to the nuptials of the "Serpent" and the "Unicorn," trusting that neither the "Eagle" nor the "Lion" would forbid the bans!

I did not like the sentimental coarseness of Mr. Grattan's speech. He said in closing that enough had been said of the beauty of the "Unicorn," he would now drink to the *beauties* of the "Unicorn," and

defied any vessel sailing in any harbor, and bound to any port, to show of these a finer cargo.

On the 21st of July following, I went to the Maverick House as a spectator, from the balcony, of the "Cunard" dinner.

East Boston was prepared as on a gala day, for the reception of her guests. Booths erected at every corner were dressed with the flags of England and America, while tottering old men and tiny children offered baskets of fruits, flowers and pastries to the crowds upon the streets. The roofs of the Sugar Refinery, the Maverick House and several of the villas upon the island were decorated with tri-colored flags. The cutter "Hamilton," the ship of war "Colombia" and the newly arrived ocean steamer "Britannia" were dressed with flowers. The yards were hung with crimson, blue and white and the figure at the stern of the "Britannia" grasped a lovely bouquet. We crossed her deck, but found it impossible to gain admittance to the cabin and saloon. We pressed through the crowded halls of the Maverick to the gallery on the second storey, where we were supplied with ices and refreshments from the tables below. We secured a good seat and listened with amusement to Austin, Story, Quincy, Bancroft and Webster. Webster, on whose knee I had often sat and whose majestic presence never failed to impress me as a child, could not fail to be eloquent, but,

whether from wine or fatigue, blundered more than once into bad grammar. The hero-worship paid to him was so obvious that, in spite of my affection for him, it disgusted me with the whole entertainment. It seemed a singular proof of the power of sympathy. I saw men who would have been ashamed to stand alone before the "great Daniel" with their hats off and their hearts in their hands, but as men of the million none refused to bow. He had little to say, and evidently felt that his subject had been exhausted. Judge Story related many interesting anecdotes of Fulton, whom he had known personally. The point of these I was most sorry to lose, but his voice did not reach the gallery. President Quincy was in the vein and spoke with exquisite humor, alluding to his speech-making son with both facility and tenderness. Bancroft made by far the most brilliant address and I liked his independence. "I am glad," said he, with noble energy, "I am glad, freely as I welcome this steamer and our guest, that when the 'Britannia' entered our port, she was obliged to pass the heights of Dorchester, and that *now*, cradled in her berth, she lies in the shadow of Bunker Hill."

Although my girlish journal does not record the fact, it is plain that the "Cunard dinner" was tendered by the city of Boston to Mr. Samuel Cunard, in celebration of the arrival of the "Britannia," the first of the new line of ocean steamships to reach Boston,

although the little "Unicorn" had actually accomplished the voyage before her.

On the 30th of July, I went on board the "Britannia," and was shocked by dirty decks, dirty cabins, dirty officers and dirty men, who seemed to be the entire contents of her immense hold. I had never seen so filthy a crew, and I could not imagine an American officer of a merchant ship consenting to receive a single visitor with his vessel in such a condition.

There were several ladies' cabins, each containing half a dozen staterooms. These were painted in white and gold. The saloon on deck was wainscotted in oak, carved and stamped very neatly. The machinery was said to be of a very superior order, but the boat was so crowded when I visited it that I could hardly reach the saloon and had no opportunity to examine the works.

I remember seeing on this day many heavy waggons loaded with charcoal, clean and solid, made as all the best charcoal for family use then was, of walnut. In my young days these waggons, drawn each by four fine Flemish horses, were common in Boston streets. Two bushel baskets were hitched to the frame. The driver drove slowly, shouting, "Chark! Chark!" and here and there a door opened and the baskets were filled and carried in. In those days all preserves were made over small furnaces fed with

charcoal, but the waggons and the charcoal have long since disappeared. Often have I longed for them in hot summer days, but I have seen them only once, in the year 1880, among the mines of Colorado, where I found also the charcoal burners' huts.

It must have been about this time that I went to a very beautiful ball in Faneuil Hall offered by the city to the young Duc de Joinville. Such entertainments are apt to be crowded and vulgar now. They were comparatively exclusive then. This was elegant in every detail, and I saw among the crowd no one more attractive than my own mother in her elegant dress of blue and silver, with soft marabouts of the same color clasped with a sparkling arrow, encircling her beautiful hair.

A singular incident fixed this ball in my memory. The Contessa America Vespuccia had been the mistress of the Duke's older brother, the Duke of Orleans. She had made herself so obnoxious by her political intrigues that she had been banished from France, and sent in a French frigate to Brazil. From thence she had traveled to Washington, claiming public lands from the Government of the United States, on the ground that her ancestor had been the actual discoverer of this continent. The means of communication with Europe were then so infrequent, and the acquaintance with foreign newspapers so slight, that the scandal had not penetrated to the ears of our City

Government, and having reached Boston she was invited to meet the Duc de Joinville!! I stood very near her. She had no personal beauty. She was very tall, a brunette, with a comely face and graceful bearing. Her dress was at once the most attractive as well as artistic that I had ever seen. Over a quilted white satin petticoat, richly embroidered with gold, she wore a close-fitting, crimson velvet pelisse, embroidered with a vine and grapes in gold all along the skirt, the sleeves and square-cut neck. The sleeves, broad, open and flowing, fell to her knees, and not being closed, did not interfere with the action of her bare arms. This pelisse was girded with a heavy cord and tassels of gold. There was no train, but it was long enough for the beautiful border to lie flat on the floor. More wonderful than her dress was her hair. Covered by a net of gold and pearls, divided at the back and parted through the middle, it fell in two long, heavy braids to the floor, and these were held together at two points with diamond arrows. I do not think she wore any other jewels, nor was there any lace about her person. The crimson set off her dark skin in a fashion wholly new at that time. A very few months ago, a newspaper correspondent found this woman in Italy, at an advanced age, surrounded by the portraits of a family of which she was the last representative, and posing as an innocent and injured woman.

The Boston that I remember, the only Boston dear to my heart, has passed away forever. I have spoken of the beautiful and hidden colonial houses. At that time the Common was a vast undulating field, surrounded by terraced malls on three sides, shaded by elms as fine and healthy as those of the Connecticut valley. Outside the Common graveyard on Boylston Street, from Tremont Street to Carver, there was a fine row of very old trees, buttonwoods, I think, and the Tremont Street mall, from Park Street to Boylston, showed three magnificent rows of American elms shading its double walk with cathedral arches of verdure. Of these not a vestige remains. They have been the victims of neglect, asphalt and public indifference.

The Paddock elms, which were planted outside the old Granary, were cut down a few years before the fate of the Tremont Street mall could be foreshadowed. Monckton Milnes and Charles Sumner used to sit on the old Fort on the Common to look at sunsets, which Milnes declared were finer than any Italy could show. If these exist, they are now hidden from the view by the small central forest of the Common and the Public Garden, as well as the buildings on the Back Bay.

In those days Atkinson Street still had its old houses and gardens, and the beautiful houses of the Waterstons, the Ruthvens and Harris's Folly still decorated the slopes of Fort Hill. The traces of

Charles Bulfinch's dainty genius still lingered along Colonnade Row, and Charles Street, and hovered over the green crescent and pretty urn which made the centre of Franklin Street. The Odeon and the Catholic Church on Franklin Street also bore witness to his skill. From the windows of the broad houses which overlooked the Crescent the beautiful face of Emily Marshall looked out to thank the Cambridge serenaders, and dear old Madam May sat serenely before one in the lower storey of an adjoining house, busied over the dainty knitting she was preparing for our Anti-slavery Bazaar. There were no pleasanter houses anywhere than those that the stone fortresses of Commerce have displaced.

On the east side of Franklin Street was an archway covering a cart and carriage road, leading from Franklin to Arch Street. The whole of the Crescent or Tontine, as it was called, was rescued from a mere quagmire by the genius of Charles Bulfinch, assisted by Mr. Scollay and Mr. Vaughan. Over this archway, in my day, the "Boston Library" was opened. My father was one of the proprietors, and three or four times a week I found my way to its quaint hall, to look up a fact or change a book. Two very elderly ladies I used to see there; one of them I regarded with reverence, because I heard that she had written a book. I associate the name of Lee with these ladies, but I cannot tell why. In Leverett Street in a

comfortable room was the Parish Library of the West Church, and Miss Hannah Adams, who had written the "History of the Jews," was the quaint little Librarian, but as she never spoke one unnecessary word, not even when she saluted the driver of the coach with the traditional words, "Great box, little box, band-box and bundle," I recollect only her appearance.

My father's library was a large one for that time. As a mere lad he had bought all the early translations of various classics from the book-stalls in Newburyport. They were printed on a queer gray paper in Philadelphia, and I have some of them now. As he read more, he bought the originals in many languages, and many old books that attracted him by quaint illustrations. Beside these, I used to go to the Atheneum in Pearl Street, where I enjoyed the fine casts and pictures which divided my interest with the books, and which are now in the care of the Boston Art Museum. Many of my early journals are filled with careful descriptions of these things. What Boston owes to the generosity of James and Thomas Handasyd Perkins, it has never yet sufficiently acknowledged. The fine mansion of Thomas Handasyd was given to the Institute for the Blind at the suggestion of John M. Forbes, but his interest was warmly excited by the partial loss of his own sight.

The Fort Hill district had always a romantic interest for me, and to this day when I walk down

Franklin Street, I see but three things, the old "Odeon" where I went to my first lectures, with Helen Davis's shawl pins, and old Colonel Joe May's stout arms protecting me from the crowd; the old Roman Catholic Cathedral, associated always with that Bishop Cheverus, who stood by the deserted bedsides of Catholics and Protestants alike, during the horrors of the yellow fever about 1819; and the old Berry Street Church, where once in my life I sat in my grandfather's pew and listened to Dr. Channing! I can still recall his pure and pensive face, and feel again a sort of irritation that those who loved him could not see that he was wrapped in a black shawl, instead of the gay Scotch plaid which seemed to be so little in keeping with his person and the occasion. He spoke sitting, for this was in the last years of his preaching, and his sweet, tender voice suggested a thread just ready to break. Right opposite the church was the old arched Vestry, where Harriet Ryan started her "Hospital for Consumptives" at a later day.

To one private library in Boston, I was in my childhood greatly indebted. This was before Ticknor and Prescott and Felton opened their shelves to me. This was the library of Daniel P. Parker. Mr. Parker and his wife were middle-aged people when I first remember them. They both, I think, came to Boston from Worcester County, Mrs. Parker never until the hour of her marriage. They were people of a singular

dignity and intelligence, devoted to literature and philanthropy, and keeping themselves for the most part quietly at home.

Daniel P. Parker was a successful and well-known man before his wife joined him in Boston. I never knew her maiden name, and intimate as I was with the family, I never heard any mention of grandparents, nor did I meet any relative of either at their table. Perhaps it was from that circumstance that I have always thought of Mrs. Parker as an orphan. She was, however, a Mary Weeks of Marlboro, a town which adjoined Southboro, where her husband was born. Both were people of extraordinary good sense, well balanced in every way, and beneficent as well as prudent. Neither was likely to yield an established opinion, and Mrs. Parker preserved to her latest hour the economical methods of her early youth. An anecdote current in my childhood will give some idea of her strong character:

One evening soon after her arrival in Boston, in a large assembly, she dropped her handkerchief. A young fellow from her own neighborhood darted forward to pick it up, and presented it with a low bow. Mrs. Parker thanked him courteously, then looking him calmly in the eye, she said:

"Young man, I can remember the time when you thought it too much trouble to put on your boots, to see me home after a day's sewing."

The application was left to the bystanders.

The oldest daughter I knew but slightly. She became the wife, however, of Edmund Quincy, to whom the Anti-slavery movement brought me, as a married woman, very near. The younger, Emily, married late, Benjamin Pickman of Salem, and died three months after. The only son, Henry Tuke, was an inveterate reader and most precocious student.

Henry's appetite for books and his power of rapid absorption of their contents exceeded anything that Boston knew. After the carriage way to David Sears's house was obliterated by the family, a long narrow strip of land remained between the building which is now the Somerset Club, and the red brick walls of Mr. Parker's house. As soon as the Sears's addition was completed, Mr. Parker enclosed this space, shelved the walls, and filled the shelves with books as fast as his omnivorous son demanded them. No sincerer, more modest or more reasonable people ever existed than Mr. and Mrs. Parker, but it seems to me that they must in their hearts have anticipated for the son a career that he never entered. He was about my own age, my partner at Papanti's and my frequent guest. I went almost every week to dine at his father's house. I had free access to his bookshelves, but the moment we rose from the table, Henry was absorbed in his latest acquisition, and his father and mother were my pleasant companions. He graduated at Harvard in 1842, and afterward from the

Harvard Law School in 1845, receiving the degree of LL. B. Trinity College at Hartford afterward gave him the Master of Arts. He married Lucy, the daughter of Phineas Upham, and died in London in August, 1890. Henry did not go to Europe to remain, if I remember rightly, until after his marriage, and when he died, I could not find that he had done any original work. That he was constantly exploring fresh fields in literature, art and science, I feel sure, but he seems to have had no other occupation than the most congenial duty of filling the orders from various public libraries, chiefly, I think, those of the Astor and Lenox libraries in New York.

In those early days, Theodore Lyman put his library in Bowdoin Street at my disposal, and there, in grand old editions, I made myself familiar with the French classics, especially with the delightful *Memoirs of Sully*.

I was not therefore without resources. I had the Boston library, the Parish library, and the private libraries of Mr. Parker and my father, as well as the smaller collections of other friends, but until Elizabeth Peabody started her foreign library, and I made the intimate acquaintance of President Felton, I never had books enough nor any opportunity to study properly. If in my reading I wished to clear up a point, to compare statements or dates, to get at the contemporaneous works of other authors treating the

same subject, the means were not at hand. One very unfortunate result followed: I began to write for the press while I was still a child.

I suppose I am at this moment that writer of the English language who has written steadily for the greatest number of years. This would not have happened had I possessed the advantages of the college students of today, and I mention it for their encouragement. They ought to do better work than I have done. I mention it also for the encouragement of those who cannot secure a college education. Poverty, absence of books or of social friction, the most helpful of all stimulants, should not discourage any one bent on a useful life. At different periods I have had to encounter all these obstacles.

Mr. Hale has not exaggerated the difficulty of obtaining foreign books, so far as the common student was concerned.

It was not till Elizabeth Peabody started her foreign bookstore in 1836, at number 13 West Street, that he or I could readily order or buy a foreign book. To this privilege she soon added another, that of a foreign circulating library. The subscribers to this soon became so many that if Elizabeth had known how to keep her accounts, it would have been very profitable, but she could not help saying, "Do not pay for that, you have not kept it long enough," so I suspect her enterprise was a sorry failure. As to

German books, however, Dr. Francis began to collect them as soon as he left college. Theodore Parker was well provided in 1840, and when Dr. Hedge returned from Germany, in the very year in which Mr. Hale was born, he brought with him a fine collection of German and Italian books, relating to poetry and philosophy.

Scholars were very generous to each other then, and they had need to be, for they could not tell how soon they might have to ask for the favors they granted. The real trouble lay in the poorly-filled purses of the students. There was no type-writing in that day, and my eyes have often filled with tears as I have looked at whole volumes copied by the pen of Dr. Gould or some friend bent on helping a poorer student, a friend, too, who was generally a woman.

At the time of which I am speaking, postage upon letters was very high. It cost eighteen and three-quarters cents to send a letter from Boston to Washington. I forget the amount paid between Boston and Worcester, but it was sufficient to induce all persons to avail themselves of private hands whenever they were presented. I had been often told that private hands sometimes proved untrustworthy, but I neither believed it nor dreaded it. One day I was surprised by receiving from my cousin, the Hon. Samuel F. Haven, a small package of lip glue, an article which has, I hope, gone out of fashion! This

was followed by a letter in which he said, "Your last letter, sent by your friend, has been opened; as it contained only a short note and the full abstract of Dr. James Walker's last lecture, it was of little consequence. Sometime, it might be unlucky; I therefore advise you to use the lip glue I have sent before you put on the seal." There were no envelopes in those days, indeed I find none in use before 1840, and we paid postage by the sheet and not by the ounce. That led to the use of folio paper, which was sealed by wax or wafers as circumstances decided. Wax is still used in elegant correspondence, but wafers, I suspect, have ceased to exist. The gum upon the envelope renders them unnecessary. In the Provincial Parliaments, elegant cut glass bottles with stoppers of fine sponge, to be filled with water, are furnished to each member. I do not know whether any such luxuries are sent to the Halls of Congress. It may be said, that its members have found the use of their tongues!

In the days of my girlhood there was no late dining in Boston. The hours for meals were the hours kept in the century in which the town was settled. According to the rank in life, as I have said before, breakfast was from seven to half-past, dinner from twelve to half-past two, and tea or supper always at six, except where servants ate earlier than their masters. There were no servants' dining-rooms then,

nor was one quality of food purchased for the parlor and another for the kitchen. The fashions were simple; dinner consisted of but two courses, fish and meat, soup and meat, or meat and dessert. Except when fruit was in season, or when gentlemen lingered over wine and nuts, no third course was thought of. During the Revolutionary War, and I think also during the War of 1812, meat was very dear. The best innkeepers contrived various economies, among them that of serving the pudding before the meat. This fashion never prevailed among the wealthier classes, but was kept up by the better portion of those living upon salaries, and traces of it are still to be found in the seaports of New England.

Life in Beacon Street was wholesome and friendly rather than ceremonious. When there were three or four ladies in a family, it was not thought mannerly for them all to leave the house together. There were no "receiving days." Ceremonious calls were usually made between twelve and two. If the daughters were out the mother stayed at home. If the mother, then at least one daughter was there to receive chance visitors. If any change occurred from any special cause, a careful apology was left with the servant. Our servants were almost always farmers' daughters, and our kitchens in consequence as pleasant as any room in the house.

With later European habits came changes, which were far more important than mere change of hours.

As a young girl, I could take my sewing half an hour after dinner, and go confidently to any house between Park and Charles Streets upon Beacon. I should be welcomed by the friendly mother or the cordial daughter, and as night drew near probably kept to "tea," a meal which never gave any housekeeper a second thought. Pleasant gossip, talk about our books or play, varied our entertainment. When the table was cleared, a scarlet cloth was spread upon the dining table if the family was large; the solar lamp was placed in the centre, and the father of the family, who seldom in those days thought of a cigar, took up the four pages of the Transcript and read to us such news as it was possible to collect, when we had no telephone, no telegraph, no steamship, and at the best scarce fifty miles of railroad. Cornelia Walter's spicy editorials gave us food for conversation and started many a jest.

I have often thought of a remark that my father made long, long after, when the success of the Atlantic Cable became a recognized fact. "There will be no merchant princes now," he said, "but there will be plenty of traders."

When the nine o'clock curfew rang, I folded up my work and went home, and I wish to say that I usually went alone, whether it was from a friend's fireside, the "teachers' meetings" at Dr. Bartol's or an evening lecture. We kept a man-servant, but he

was never sent for me. Less fortunate than my friend, Sarah Hale, I had no brothers, and I would not allow the tired father of a family to put on his boots for me. As I lived in the West End the distances were never great, and I passed through no doubtful thoroughfares. Mr. Hale says his sisters never went out without an escort. They had brothers, and this was probably to create a habit of courtesy in the boys. It certainly was not necessary, for I never encountered the smallest inconvenience or discourtesy in Boston streets, where I walked alone at all hours until I was married, and so did many young women whom I knew. It sometimes happens nowadays that women are not safe in broad day, on Boston Common or in the Public Garden, especially if they carry purses in their hands!

When I had written so far, I was obliged to turn to my girlish Journal for an item. There I found under a date in 1839, a sentence like the following. "I was invited to take tea with Anna Renouf tonight to meet my dear friends the Smiths, but as William was absent I declined. I would not give my father the trouble to come for me."

Now Anna Renouf lived in Avon Place on the south side of the Common, and the moment I read this I saw that there were localities to which I could not go alone and understood why my experience in the matter of escorts had been so different from Mr.

Hale's. In those days, Winter and West, Summer, Franklin and High Streets were set with beautiful houses, many of them standing alone in lovely gardens. When I crossed Washington Street in going from Avon Place through Temple, I passed the houses of James Savage and Handasyd Perkins. Mr. Hale lived always, I think, on the south side of the Common, and his sisters had many friends in streets now wiped out of existence, such as Chauncey and Otis Place. No father would have allowed his daughter to go alone in that section after dark. But Mr. Hale is wrong in thinking that Boston streets are safer now than in that far-off day. His young girls travel alone now because an electric car goes to almost every door.

Mr. Hale tells us also of the pleasant journeys taken in the big barouche, when the family went to the seaside or the country. In that way I traveled pleasantly several times.

It must have been early in June that I went up the Connecticut with Thornton Davis soon after his marriage. I remember that we traveled close to the river for many miles, and came in delicious moonlight, somewhere near eleven at night, to a well-known tavern kept by Uncle Jerry Warrener, at Springfield, where his wife, "Aunt Phœbe," as the townspeople called her, was celebrated for her unequalled waffles. Happy was the Boston lady living on the slopes of

Beacon Hill, who succeeded in coaxing Aunt Phœbe to give her the carefully guarded recipe. Here Uncle Jerry broiled a shad for us, that had been taking its bath in the river after our moon began to shine, and Aunt Phœbe served us a midnight dessert of waffles.

I have never forgotten the shad. That is a fish which, like the Atlantic mackerel, should always be eaten as soon as it is caught. Uncle Jerry and his wife made a modest fortune, built a handsome house, and entertained Jenny Lind when she went to Springfield. They must have reminded her of some of her own country people on the Swedish fiords.

And again I went with Elizabeth Livermore in a chaise all the way from Milford to Bible Hill in Hillsborough, where my mother's ancestors had led a godly life, reading from a great folio to their neighbors every Sunday, before there was either a church or a minister in the settlement. Nearly all my journeys, however, were made in the stage coaches.

I was glad to make acquaintance in that way with varieties of the human species that I never met elsewhere, and to enjoy the excitement of dashing up to the stage houses, where we stopped for dinner. If we were in or near a seaport, there was sure to be a parrot on hand, which, taking its cue from the villagers, would cry out, "Who's come?"

Traveling in private carriages continued in the Southern states until the Civil War began, and it is

not yet ten years since two elderly ladies living in Maryland, near Baltimore, passed away at an advanced age, having never traveled in steamboat or palace car, or even in a horse car, but who had been from Baltimore to Niagara and Saratoga summer after summer in their own carriage. Country inns too were very attractive in my time. Many of them were rambling one storeyed buildings, covered with vines and boasting a tin kitchen and a fire of hickory. I recall such an inn at York in Maine, where a descendant of Governor Bradstreet presided over the hearth after she was ninety years of age, a grateful sight to the lawyers on the circuit. Nor shall I ever forget the delightful inn at Ashfield, embowered in green, with long rows of pies, pumpkin, apple and mince, cooling in the summer breezes on its porches! Very sorry indeed was I when I first saw the city-like hotel which has now taken its place.

One short excursion I must have made when about eleven years old, although I have no means of fixing the exact date. I had been staying, as I often did, at the house of Dr. Robbins in Roxbury. A niece of Mrs. Robbins had been a bridesmaid of my mother, and made and dressed the first doll I ever possessed. Her parents were still living in the near neighborhood, but as Mrs. Robbins had no daughters, and there were several pretty daughters at Snowdrop Bank, my dear cousin Sallie lived with her aunt

Robbins and filled a daughter's place. One day the square-topped chaise was drawn out, and I heard that cousin Sallie was going to drive me to Stedman Williams's farm. I had an idea that something very dreadful was to occur that day, but I never thought for a moment that cousin Sallie's help was needed, and that she took me because she did not wish to burden Aunt Robbins with the care of a child, yet that was probably the case. The story is only worth telling because it shows what a very different condition obtained at that time within the limits of Roxbury, from that which now exists. We went, I suppose, to that woodland region called Canterbury by Mr. Cabot in his life of Emerson. At all events, a large part of the Williams farm is now included in Franklin Park, and I can still recognize some of the objects I saw that day. We drove through a grassy lane following the lines of Walnut Street as it is today, pines, birches and young elms, I think, meeting over our heads. Three times I got out of the chaise and let down bars, waiting to put them up again. At last we drove into an open farm where several acres of land, dotted with trees, were crossed by a good carriage road leading up to the house door. Large masses of rock, such as have given the dear old town its name, broke the undulations of the land. Some pleasant women came to the door to meet us. Very soon we went to dinner, gracefully served in the old

New England fashion, and when the father of the family stood up to carve a turkey, I saw hanging low down over his breast the mighty but harmless tumor that a surgeon was about to take away. We had hardly left the table when the Doctor's sulky drove up, and I was told that I might amuse myself out of doors. Far away I found a boulder that had charmed me as we drove in. Waxwork climbed over it, and I found to my amazement that, large and heavy as it seemed, it yielded to my hand! It rested on a pebble. It rests upon it still, and as I moved it that day, a large black snake, the first I had ever seen, slipped away. I have never met any of the Williams family since, but if any of Stedman Williams's children are living, I feel quite sure that neither has imprinted on her heart a more distinct impression of that fine old man, of the house he lived in, and the lovely land in which it is set.

I went to Sunday School, as I have somewhere said, from the time that I was small enough to be carried up the stairs in my father's arms. Dr. Lowell was not at first inclined to the existence of a West Parish Sunday School. Among other things he thought — as ultimately happened — that it would divide families, and that children who went to school would no longer go to church with their parents, and we should lose that pleasantest of all sights, whole families on their way to the House of Prayer,

together! Where do we see it now? Not even in Philadelphia or Elmira where the two largest Sunday Schools in the country are assembled.

When the Sunday School opened, the "Catechising Class" in the Belfry was given up. I was most fortunate in my teachers. Ann Kuhn, Adelaide Russell, and her sainted sister Sarah, afterward the wife of Samuel May of Leicester, Helen Loring and Elizabeth Howard were all I ever knew, except as I shared with the whole school the precious lessons of Charles G. Loring. That I became a teacher at a very early age was due to Mr. Loring's habit of drawing substitutes for absent teachers from Elizabeth Howard's class. Miss Howard, afterwards Mrs. Bartol, wrote out her lesson every Sunday, giving much time and thought to it. Every Saturday afternoon for many years we gathered at her house, and frequently we were invited to tea. It happened at last that I was, as a substitute, provided with a class that had lost its teacher, and at its eager entreaty Mr. Loring made the position permanent. I could not have accepted it had I not been able to go to Chestnut Street on Saturdays, and to borrow then the previous Sunday's lesson from Miss Howard. This class I kept until my marriage, with few changes, and very soon I added to it another at the Pitts Street chapel for the poor, then under the charge of Robert C. Waterston, and still later a Bible class at the West

Church, of which Augustus Pope, Sylvester Judd, Loammi Ware, and that faithful friend of the Unitarian Church, Thomas Gaffield, were members. We were all students together.

The two potent factors of religious life in my early years were Dr. Charles Lowell and Dr. Joseph Tuckerman. Dr. Tuckerman may be said to have originated and organized the "Ministry to the Poor." His work has been remembered and applauded and has borne much fruit. The man himself seems to me to have been forgotten. After he left Chelsea he came to live in a small house in Mount Vernon Place, very near our own. His face seemed to embody the purity and zeal of an apostle. His was a soul not veiled by, but actually made visible by, the flesh. Either a portion of his salary or his poor's purse was supplied by an association of ladies, called the "Tuckerman Circle." Of this my mother was a member, and after her health became delicate, I used to go with her to its monthly meetings, to attend to anything that might be beyond her strength.

Dr. Tuckerman came to these meetings to greet friends whom he had not time to visit, and to consecrate our needlework with a prayer. He never stayed long, but it was what, as a child, I heard him say and saw him do that turned my steps later to the Pitts Street chapel. But of all influences, that of my beloved Dr. Lowell was the greatest. I grieve for

the children of today who have never known such a pastor. He came often to our table, for, on account of Mrs. Lowell's delicate health, he had removed from Boston to Cambridge before I can remember. He watched over me as closely as my own father could have done. I never seemed to do anything that he did not know, and after several years' absence in Europe, after Dr. Bartol's installation, he seemed to know me and understand me as well as if he had never left his people. He gave me prizes for good conduct as well as for good scholarship, a beautiful copy of Bewick's "Birds," commemorating some desirable self-conquest. Such things cannot be told, but as long as life lasts they must be felt.

He had great tact as well as exquisite delicacy, one instance of which touched me so deeply that I can never forget it. I have mentioned the death of a dear little brother as occurring in Hancock Avenue. I have not dwelt upon it, for it touches me too nearly. The child was given into my young arms when he was born, and owing to my mother's serious illness, I had all the care of him till he died, at a little more than five years of age. He was a child of striking beauty, and at that early age had shown a ready wit and a sensitive conscience that made him most attractive. My father's ambition and love were bound up in him. Often when our dear minister came to see us, the conversation would turn to the treasure we

had lost. Rising from the table one day, my father finished what he had to say with the words, "We never had a child that was so beautiful or so promising." I was standing near Dr. Lowell. He turned to me at once, laid his hand upon my head, and added, "Caroline, *I* never said that." He was so quick to feel what might give pain, but he was not more insensible to a low jealousy himself than the young girl to whom he spoke.

When after my marriage it became necessary for me to speak in public, his heart was wrung with anxiety, and from the chamber to which he was confined by the first approaches of his last illness, he sent me a peremptory summons to Elmwood. I shall never forget his greeting; as I opened the chamber door he rose from the old easy chair and standing erect, cried out, "Child! my child! what is this I hear? Why are you talking to the whole world?" He was clothed in a long white flannel dressing gown, with a short shoulder cape hardly reaching to his belt. His was no longer the piercing expression, aggressive to a degree, that Harding had portrayed. The curling locks that gave individuality to his forehead had been cut away; the gentle influence of a submissive spirit had impressed itself upon his features. In a moment I was seated at his feet, and then came a long and intimate talk of why, and when, and wherefore, which ended in a short prayer with

his hand upon my head, and the words, "Now promise me that you will never enter the desk without first seeking God's blessing!" I answered only by a look. How else could the hard work of those years have been done? He needed nothing more.

At the time of Dr. Kirk's revival in Boston, I went often to Park Street Church to listen to his sermons. It would not be true to say that these were in any sense a religious influence. I had been too thoroughly trained in all liberal ways, and was too devoted to Dr. Lowell and his horror of evening meetings and hysterical methods, to accept the preaching of this wonderful orator in any such fashion. I have never listened, however, to any speaker of greater power, or of so vivid an imagination. I considered these services a great intellectual spur, as I afterward considered the acting of Rachel; the only really great acting I ever saw, although I have enjoyed Irving and Ellen Terry, Mrs. Mowatt and Fanny Kemble. I should think it must have been impossible for a man or woman of loose or undisciplined life to resist the force of his appeals.

My attendance on these services brought me into contact with members of the evangelical churches, among others with Charlotte, the younger sister of the beautiful Emily Marshall. Charlotte afterward married the well-known Horatio Bridge, the friend of Hawthorne, and is still living at an advanced age.

She was a very beautiful and attractive girl, with the charming manner that has always distinguished her family, and which had won the love of every man or woman who approached Emily.

Soon after the close of the Park Street services, Charlotte came to me and asked me to join her in creating a Crèche at the North End. We hired a room in Salem Street and established a motherly Irish woman as matron. Here we received young children of working women, and took care of them while the mothers earned their daily bread. It was a very simple affair; a bath tub, a barber's bib, a pair of scissors, a quart or two of rum saturated with larkspur, and some tidy, unbleached night-dresses, were all we asked for, beside the little beds in which most of the children slept away the hours. We did a great deal of hard work in that little room. I was connected with it until I left home in 1842, but I cannot tell exactly when the experiment began. It must have been between 1837 and 1840.

Our subscribers gave us twenty-five cents a month. Charlotte would do anything for the children, but she made me collect the money. She did not know how!

Nothing, I think, could illustrate the difference in the position of women then and now more clearly than my experience in collecting this money. Our subscribers were mainly personal friends on Beacon, Tremont, Chestnut and Mount Vernon Streets. The

subscription was due on the first of the month, but I went to at least one-third of the places twice. "I have not a quarter in the house. I will ask my husband when he comes home; can't you call tomorrow?" was what I always expected to hear from many wives of wealthy men. Nor was it always the fault or habit of the men. Women handled very little money. I knew more than one instance where men complained that their wives would not keep themselves provided. As an illustration of our changing life, and to point out that this little experiment, founded upon Maria Edgeworth's story of "Madame de Fleury," was, so far as I know, the first attempt of the kind in this country, is my only excuse for mentioning this Crèche. What became of it after the change in my own circumstances, I never had an opportunity to learn. So far as I ever knew, the experiment was wholly our own. If there were any older persons interested, I never heard of them.

The first time Dr. Hale ever heard me lecture, he said, "You must beat your gold thinner. There was enough in that lecture for four." If he ever reads these pages, I think he will hardly renew that counsel. The rambling story draws near the end.

CONCLUSION

Mr. Hale has told us a good deal of his father, whose services to the country have never been adequately appreciated. I wish before I close to say something of mine. He said sadly to me a short time before he died, "I have outlived all my contemporaries; there will be no one left to tell the story of my life." That story, if truly told, would show, like Nathan Hale's, an intense devotion to railroad interests. He was for many years the largest stockholder in the Illinois Central road. Whoever will examine the inventories of his property at the Probate Court of Essex County will see that ten years before his death he was worth, in the year 1866, ten millions of dollars in the best securities. When he died and another inventory was made, it seemed hardly possible to save the estate from insolvency! "Such a record," said the clerk of the Court to me, "was never seen here!"

What became of those millions? They were sunk in the building of the Hartford and Erie road, over which none of us ever had so much as a free pass. Younger men, who knew that the great aim of his life had been to connect Boston with the wide West, played upon his sympathies and absorbed his hard-won wealth.

When Frederika Bremer returned to Sweden from this country, she succeeded in passing through the Legislative body a law which controlled to a certain degree the freedom of men of over three score years and ten. Her personal influence secured the signature of the King. In Sweden, if a man over seventy enters into business or speculation, he must first provide for his children according to his wealth and their station in life. The ground upon which the government was induced to approve this law was that otherwise his family might become a charge to the State, and of this many illustrations were at hand.

We are accustomed to say of many aged men, that they have retained all their faculties to the last, but this is rarely true. A man may be able to converse on difficult subjects, to read profound books, to remember the events of yesterday as well as those of the far past, but the instances are very rare in which, after seventy, the best-preserved brain does not lose its grasp. It is one thing to see clearly what is plainly set before it, another to associate that with a remote origin or a future possibility, and judge wisely of the best financial or social results. I should be glad to see the Swedish law enacted in the State of Massachusetts.

There were beautiful possibilities of love in my father's nature. No one will ever forget the sight, who saw his whole face kindle, when the beautiful

boy, so early lost, came running to meet him. Those possibilities led him to free himself early from the theology prevalent about his early home. His father, his brother and himself sustained a Unitarian church as long as either of them lived, in Whittier's favorite town of Hampton Falls. To the lovely little church built by their efforts, I go back every summer, to be met with love and courtesy and kind remembrance of a neighborhood, as Mr. Hale was met when he went to preach at Westhampton. In more than one respect our experiences ran parallel. My father was a very young man when he was one of three who called Dr. Holley to the pulpit of Hollis Street Church. Dr. Holley was the heretic of his time, and as a very handsome man, and essentially a man of the world, he was more open to attack than he need have been.

When the tumult of narrow egotism followed Theodore Parker's sermon at South Boston, my father became one of the five men who invited him from West Roxbury to the Music Hall, and became responsible for his salary.

He was a wise and loving father, as I have shown in the matter of written abstracts. I remember that when I first began to study the higher mathematics, I took a lamp and my books in my hand and moved toward the door one evening after tea. "Where are you going?" said my father. "To my own room to

study," I answered, and showed the title-page of the book. "Sit down where you are, where the children are talking and where visitors may come," was his reply. "Of what use will your knowledge be to you if you cannot command it under the most unpromising circumstances? You must learn to concentrate your thoughts." Of course I did learn to concentrate my thoughts, which had its advantages, but at the same time has made me at times an apparently unsympathizing friend, or an undesirable guest. You will say it should have worked in two ways.

I was only fourteen months old when the English shoemaker, Robert Knott, came and took my measure for a pair of shoes, and he made all my shoes until my marriage. The very first pair had a broad, stiff sole, and I never wore any custom-made shoes, if I except the French dancing slippers Mr. Papanti demanded. I remember that once when I was about thirteen, I had a dark green Canton-crape dress, which I could not match with any belt. At last I found twenty inches of a watered ribbon that I thought would answer, for my belt measure was only nineteen. After dinner my father saw me lying on the sofa and asked what was the matter. I told him I had a side ache. "Come here to me," he said, and I obeyed. He put his hand to my side, tried to put his finger inside my belt, and failing, took his knife from his pocket and cut it across. It is need-

less to add that I had to wear my dress without a belt and never again had a side ache!

He required great neatness in our dress, and exquisite care of books or articles of any kind in daily use. I used to write a great folio sheet to my grandmother in the country every Sunday. No envelopes had been invented, and to fold such a sheet and seal it neatly was a work of art. No slipshod result was ever allowed to pass. Often have I been obliged to write the whole sheet over, before I could satisfy his fastidious demand. He had a fine sense of color and form, which showed itself whenever he controlled a lady's dress. When I was old enough to go into society, he frequently left things to my own decision. I remember once sending home an embroidered French cape from Gardner Colby's store, which I very much wanted. It was very costly and exquisitely wrought, but the pattern was monotonous. Might I have it? "Put it into your drawer," he said, "for one week. Look at it twice a day for that time, then if you want it you shall have it." "Will not that be inconvenient to Mr. Colby?" I said. "I will settle it with Colby," he replied. At the end of the week, as he had anticipated, it wearied me to look at the beautiful cape. No matter how costly the fabric, he was ready to give us any dress we wanted, but never was one allowed to sweep the floor, and the make must be simple. Frills and furbelows he de-

spised. My mother was always beautifully dressed, and I do not think any one ever remembered that her dresses were short!

He was not a popular man, but his financial abilities and strict integrity were everywhere recognized, and to an extent which was very unusual, owing to the wide commerce in which he was engaged.

Still there were many who knew how he abhorred deceit, and who trusted to his tenderness and his sense of honor. When my mother proposed to employ Ellen Crafts as a sempstress, one of her friends went anxiously to Wendell Phillips and asked if Ellen would be safe in Mark Healey's house, for he was known as a democrat and a pro-slavery man. "As safe as if she were in Heaven," answered Mr. Phillips. "The suffering and sorrow that Mark Healey *can see* has never appealed to him in vain."

When I first became known in a social way, several gentlemen asked permission to correspond with me on literary and other matters. I asked my father if he were willing that they should do so. He thought a moment and said:

"Yes, I am willing on one condition: you must get a letter book and copy your letters. You might be indiscreet under the first impulse, but you would correct that in copying. I could trust you. The condition is that the first writing shall be in the book. Then you will be sure to send away only the corrected copy."

I have several volumes of those letters, and I read and destroyed many of those sent to me, last summer. We must not allow our own affairs to fill too many shelves in this crowded world. I kept only those of some historical value. I burned up sixty from my cousin, Samuel F. Haven, the most valuable correspondent of those early years. I have said that my father was not popular, but he was very popular with the young people who visited us, for a very odd reason, simply because he insisted on paying their postage, although he always expected me to pay mine when I went away from home. When we paid eighteen and three-fourths cents or twenty-five cents on a letter, prepayment was optional. Girls away on a visit generally received their letters unpaid, and always, if well-bred, had their purses ready. My father would thank them and joke a little, but he never would take their money.

There were no branch offices or stamps then. The head of the family went to the office when he went to his business, and of course brought home all the letters addressed to his care. A good many social problems were solved when stamps and envelopes came into use. Quite recently I have heard this peculiarity of my father referred to with admiring gratitude.

I often read to my father six hours at a time, and he encouraged the fullest discussion of what we read,

and desired above all that I should form my opinions independently of his. This was contrary to the habit of the time, and astonished the young people who visited us, whom he was glad to draw into our talk. Frequently these talks were refreshing and delightful; at other times they were perplexing. I have thanked him every day of my life for the education thus received, and if when the times came which tried men's souls, he found it impossible to bear the results of his own loving and strenuous effort, who shall blame him? He was only one of thousands, and in the world which is to come, there will be no shadow between our souls.

CAROLINE H. DALL.

Washington,
December, 1898.

POSTSCRIPT

After the death of my father in November, 1876, a good many perfunctory resolutions were sent to the family, and an obituary, filling a space four inches by five, concluded with the words:

“He was one of the most remarkable men of his day, and exercised great influence in the business councils of Boston.”

This induced me to write to the Boston weekly called “The Commonwealth” the following letter:

THE LATE MARK HEALEY

During the last week I have read several obituary notices of my father. I have seen with pain that these notices touched nothing but his mercantile life, as if the principal object of his existence were to “buy and sell and get gain.”

During the last two years of his life, he often said sadly, “When I am gone there will be no one left who remembers me as an active man. If I except Josiah Quincy, there is no one now.” I did not realize how true this was, until I saw the obituaries.

The railways of America are largely indebted to his purse; and the poorer their reputation the more certain were they to owe a great deal to his comprehension of his country’s needs. He was for many

years the largest American stockholder in the Illinois Central road, and it was characteristic of him, that when that road was paying its best dividends, he sold all his stock in it to sustain the falling fortunes of the Hartford and Erie road.

Mr. Healey was an eminently intellectual man. He came of a long race of statesmen and clergymen, all of whom in this country and in England were infatuated with the desire to become great landowners. To his patience, prudence and daily teaching, I owe most of what I am, especially the self-control which has prevented me from becoming the victim of my own ill health.

If I were asked what subjects interested my father most from the cradle to the grave, I should say: the history of Religion and Religions; the Vestiges of Creation or what man might learn of the work of God and the immortality of the human soul. On these subjects he had read everything that he could find and more than any man I ever knew, and he continued to read until he died. When he found himself easily overcome by sleep, he rose at three in the morning, and used the wakeful morning hours for his studies. It was at day-break in the long summer mornings that I read to him the MS. of my "Presentation" of Bunsen's Egypt. In the winter of 1871 and 2, he read the Bible through for the last time.

Mr. Healey was wholly wanting in imagination, and as he could not sympathize with what he did not

understand, this made him often seem cold hearted. When he contributed a large sum to the Irish Fund at the time of the great famine, I asked him why he did it, for it was contrary to his usual habit.

"When your mother's father was burnt out at Newburyport," he answered, "I went without food for three days and gave all I could get to your grandmother and her baby. I have not forgotten what I suffered." To any trouble before his eyes, or that he himself had experienced, he was tenderly sympathetic.

He had a great love of nature, of budding flowers and leaves, of young animals and children. He never missed a sunrise or a sunset, and I never saw a crying baby that he could not quiet with the touch of his broad hand. Only twenty minutes before his death, a beautiful pansy of the largest size was brought him from his own garden, and suffering as he was his face relaxed with pleasure and his eyes followed it with a loving look.

My father's biography will never be written. If it were to be, I should not think it proper for a daughter's hand to do it, but knowing as I do the singular mixture of shrewdness and simplicity, of strength and weakness in him, I am not willing that this generation should know him only as one of the "*oldest business men in Boston*." He was something far different from that.

He was the parishioner of Dr. William Ellery Channing, of Dr. Holley, and after his marriage of

the Rev. Charles Lowell and Dr. Bartol. He finally left the West Church for the King's Chapel when his hearing became impaired, in order to buy, at whatever cost, a seat under a minister whom he could hear. These men knew him as ministers knew their people in the old days. They have all gone before him. Brought up in the Calvinism of a country church, he assisted his brother to form a liberal church in the town of Hampton Falls, and continued to contribute to its minister's salary as long as he lived. Always in the advance, at the age of eighteen he was one of a committee of three to call Dr. Horace Holley to the pulpit of Hollis Street in 1809, a step as radical as the calling of Theodore Parker to the Music Hall. In the interests of free thought and free religion, it should be remembered that Mark Healey was one of the five men who called Theodore Parker into Boston in 1845, and who made themselves responsible for the whole of his salary and the rent of the Melodeon, a building soon exchanged for the largest auditorium the city could furnish.

What a service this was, few people are now in a condition to realize. In spite of Mr. Parker's anti-slavery position, my father's affection for him continued warm to the end. He did not expect to exercise authority in such matters outside of his own household. Within it he held himself a patriarch.

He was always, like George Bancroft, a Democrat,

and before the war what was called "a Pro-Slavery man;" yet Ellen Crafts found an undisturbed shelter in his house, which I thought as an anti-slavery woman her safest refuge, and where Wendell Phillips and Theodore Parker advised her to go.

CAROLINE HEALEY DALL.

*141 Warren Avenue, Boston,
November 25, 1876.*

